

P O E M S

Evans ON

Affairs of State.

The Second Part.

Written during the Reign of K. *James*
the II. against Popery and Slavery,
and his Arbitrary Proceedings.

By the most Eminent Wits, viz.

Lord D——t,

The H. Mr. M-----ue,

Sir F. Sh——rd,

Coll. Titus,

Mr. Prior,

Mr. Shadwell,

Mr. Rymer,

Mr. Drake,

Mr. Gould, &c.

Now Carefully Corrected, and Published
from the Originals.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year 1697.

2 M 3 0 4

ST. MARY'S

WATER

Miscellany P O E M S, &c.

The Man of H O N O U R.

Occasioned by a Postscript of *Pen's* Letter.

NO T all the *Threats* or *Favours* of a Crown,
 A *Princes* Whisper, or a *Tyrants* Frown,
 Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind
 Of him, who to strict *Honour* is enclin'd;
 Though all the *Pomp* and *Pleasure* that does wait
 On publick Places, and Affairs of *State*,
 Shou'd fondly court him to be *base* and *great*.
 With *even* Passions, and with *settled* Face,
 He wou'd remove the *Harlots* false Embrace:
 Tho' all the *Storms* and *Tempests* should arise,
 That *Church-Magicians* in their Cells devise,
 And from their settled Basis *Nations* tear,
 He wou'd unmov'd the mighty *Ruin* bear;
 Secure in *Innocence* contemn 'em all,
 And decently array'd in *Honours*, fall.

For this brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumly's* Name,
 Shall stand the foremost in the List of Fame;
 Who first with steady Minds the Current broke,
 And to the suppliant *Monarch* boldly spoke.

Great Sir, renown'd for Constancy, how just
 Have we obey'd the *Crown*, and serv'd our Trust,
 Espous'd your *Cause* and *Interest* in distress,
 Your self must witness, and our Foes confess !
 Permit us then *ill Fortune* to accuse,
 That you at last *unhappy Councils* use,
 And ask the *only* thing we must refuse.
 Our *Lives* and *Fortunes* freely we'll expose,
Honour alone we cannot, must not lose :
Honour, that *Spark* of the *Cœlestial Fire*,
 That above *Nature* makes *Mankind* aspire ;
 Ennobles the rude *Passions* of our Frame,
 With thirst of *Glory*, and desire of *Fame* ;
 The richest *Treasure* of a generous Breast,
 That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.
Wit, *Strength* and *Courage*, are wild dangerous force,
 Unless this softens and directs their Course ;
 And would you rob us of the *noblest* part,
 Accept a *Sacrifice* without a *Heart* ?
 'Tis much beneath the Greatness of a Throne,
 To take the *Casket* when the *Jewel's* gone ;
 Debauch our *Principles*, corrupt our Race,
 And teach the *Nobles* to be False and Base.
 What Confidence can you in them repose,
 Who, e're they serve you, all their *Value* lose ;
 Who once enslave their *Conscience* to their *Lust*,
 Have lost the *Reins*, and can no more be *Just*.
 Of *Honour*, Men at first, like Women Nice,
 Raise *Maiden-Scruples* at unpractis'd *Vice* ;
 Their *modest* Nature curbs the struggling *Flame*,
 And stifles what they *wish* to act, with *Shame*.
 But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
 That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live ;

They

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They stop not here their Course, but safely in,
 Grow Strong, Luxuriant, and bold in Sin;
 True to no Principles, press forward still,
 And only bound by appetite their Will :
 Now fawn and flatter, while this Tide prevails,
 But shift with every veering blast their Sails.
 Mark those that meanly truckle to your Power, }
 They once deserted and chang'd sides before, }
 And would to morrow *Mahomet* adore !
 On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
 Free is their Service, and unbought their Love :
 When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
 With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey :
 When the Rebellious Foe came rolling on,
 And shook with gathering Multitudes the Throne;
 Where were the Minions then ? What Arms, what
 (Force,

Could they oppose to stop the Torrents Course ?

Then *Pembroke*, then the Nobles firmly stood,
 Free of their Lives, and lavish of their Blood ;
 But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,
 With the same Constancy they all resign.

Thus spake the Youth, who open'd first the way,
 And was the *Phosphorus* to th' dawning day ;
 Follow'd by a more glorious splendid Hoast,
 Than any Age, or any Realm can boast :
 So great their Fame, so numerous their Train,
 To name were endless, and to praise in vain ;
 But *Herbert* and great *Oxford* merit more,
 Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar ;
 So high, their Virtue as yet wants a name,
 Exceeding wonder, and surpassing Fame :
 Rise, glorious Church, erect thy radiant Head,
 The Storm is past, th' impending Tempest fled :

Had Fate decreed thy Ruine or Disgrace,
 It had not given such Sons, so brave a Race.
 When for Destruction Heaven a Realm designs,
 The Symptoms first appear in slavish Minds:
 These men would prop a sinking Nations weight,
 Stop falling Vengeance, and Reverse even Fate.
 Let other Nations boast their fruitful Soil,
 Their fragrant Spices, their rich Wine and Oil;
 In breathing Colours, and in living Paint
 Let them excel, their Mastery we grant.
 But to instruct the mind, to arm the Soul
 With Virtue, which no dangers can controul;
 Exalt the thought, a speedy Courage lend,
 That Horror cannot shake, or pleasure bend:
 These are the *English* Arts, these we profess
 To be the same in Mis'ry and Success;
 To teach Oppressors Law, assist the good,
 Relieve the Wretched, and subdue the Proud:
 Such are our Souls: But what doth Worth avail,
 When Kings commit to hungry Priests the Scale?
 All Merit's light when they dispose the weight,
 Who either would embroil, or rule the State.
 Defame those Heroes who their Yoke refuse,
 And blast that Honesty they cannot use;
 The strength and safety of the Crown destroy,
 And the King's Power against himself employ:
 Affront his Friends, deprive him of the brave,
 Bereft of these he must become their Slave.
 Men, like our Money, come the most in play
 For being base, and of a course allay.
 The richest Medals, and the purest Gold,
 Of native value, and exactest mold,
 By worth conceal'd, in private Closets shine,
 For vulgar use too precious and too fine,

Whilst

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Whilst Tin and Copper with new stamping bright,
Coin of base Metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the Business of the Nations turn,
Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in Scorn :
So shining Vertues are for Courts too bright,
Whose guilty Actions fly their searching light ;
Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
Great without Pomp they willingly retire :
Give place to Fools, whose rash misjudging sense
Increases the weak measures of their Prince ;
Prone to admire, and flatter him in ease,
They study not his good, but how to please ;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor see those dangers which the others shun :
Who slow to act, each business duly weigh,
Advise with Freedom, and with Care obey ;
With Wisdom fatal to their Interest strive
To make their Monarch lov'd, and Nation thrive ;
Such have no place where Priests and Women Reign,
VWho love fierce Drivers, and a looser Rein.

The Man of no Honour.

AS the late Character of Godlike Men,
(Given, as it ought, by a Diviner Pen)
Will make the Race of those I write appear
Low as to Glorious Valour, wretched Fear ;
So the smooth Lines in which those Truths are told,
(Lines justly happy as they're Nobly bold)
VWith right from humble Muses bold Esteem,
And show my Verse as distant as my Theam.

Forgive me, you Betrayers of your Land,
 If I do scourge you with a wantin g Hand ;
 My Will is good to give you all your due,
 The Pope will pardon want of Power in you.

Your Aid, my Muse, this once I humbly ask,
 Exposin g Villany's a Noble task ;
 Assist my story with such ample Phrase,
 It may find leave to live and see good Days :
 Stamp an Eternal Value on the Brave,
 By drawing to the Life a sneaking Knave ;
 Show him how justly he's expos'd by all,
 And show him time may come when he may fall ;
 Show him on what Foundation now he stands,
 Show him, instead of Rocks, mistaken Lands ;
 Show him it lately fail'd believing man,
 And will do so when time shall serve again.

When *Oxford* Prophecies were come to pass,
 And many a squeamish Church-man prov'd an Ass,
 Then blockish Honesty was made give ground,
 And foolish Knaves were much more useful found ;
 A search throughout the *Senate* pass'd for such,
 (Since Fools would do to find no more 'twas much)
 Vile Interest was oppos'd to Men of sense,
 And many from that hour did Rogues commence.
 Besides, with Gold the despicable *Slaves*,
 Were willingly thought Fools, they might be Knaves.
 Of these the Chief a Consultation call,
 Where they shall stop, or whether stop at all.
 Some faint Resistance Conscience wou'd have made,
 And Honour wou'd have spoke, but was forbad ;
 Interest with Impudence assum'd the Chair,
 And thus address'd to each Plebeian Fool was there :

Of all Philosophers that plagu'd the World,
 And curious Brains in various Labyrinths hurl'd,

None

None far'd so ill, and yet so justly far'd,
 As those Preach'd Vertue for its own Reward ;
 More useful Doctrines sprung from wiser Schools,
 They heard their Morals, and resolv'd them Fools;
 Mark those who strive the multitude to please,
 Nice of their Honour, lavish of their Ease :
 How in the gazing crowd they humbly stand,
 With their perplexing Honesty at hand,
 They dare not use the strength they may command. }
 They prove their Grandeur from their humble Soul,
 But he is great who can and dare controul ;
 You'll soar above, exhal'd by Princely Rays,
 And with contempt look down on rotten Praise ;
 Laugh at dull Notions of a Glorious Name,
 When Beggery's the Basis of its Frame.
 More useful Honour shall attend your Fate,
 You serve a Power can make you Rich and Great, }
 VWho scorns the Nations Love shall live above }
 (their Hate.) }

Permit no Bugbear thoughts against your Cause,
 The loss of your Religion and the Laws,
 Trifles to those who dare their God defy,
 And can with copious Consciences comply.
 Contemn ye foolish Threats of distant Time,
 'Tis plain that Honesty is yet a Crime ;
 If things hereafter turn another way,
 You'll still be right, for still you can obey :
 Ne'r fear the Brand of Knave will hurt you much,
 The best of Courts will stand in need of such ;
 Fools oft grow usefess, and are laid aside,
 But Knaves of Conduct always will abide :
 Old honesty some poor Employ may get,
 But he that sticks at nothing shall be great,
 The Villain wisely thrives in every State. }

Thus Interest spoke, and merits just Applause,
 The Judges first declar'd against the Laws ;
 Of *Levi's* Tribe not many went astray,
 (Much wonder'd at, since they procur'd this Day)
 But men of Conscience oft in Judgment fail,
 Mistaken Loyalty did once prevail,
 But such Diseases now no more they ail.
 Become good Christians by Afflictions Rod,
 Their King they Honour, but they fear their God.

Of those that brand their Country with Disgrace,
 Noble in Title as in Practice base,
 Give underhand Pre-eminence of place,
 The sniveling Representer of the rest,
 VVho in their Names the *Monarch* thus address :

Most Glorious Prince, in whom all Vertues shine,
 VVhere every worth in one great Soul combine ;
 You for your Gracious Deeds we come to bless,
 But most of all your constancy confess ;
 Safe by your VVord, in Peace your people sleep,
 Your sacred VVord which you so nicely keep ;
 That word so much throughout your Land Renown'd,
 In which Equivocation ne'r was found.

On this it is so firmly we rely,
 You cannot ask the thing we can deny ;
 As Heaven has taught the Soul of men to know,
 VVhat e're it pleaseth to dispencc below,
 Shall to advantage of believers tend,
 And bless their blind Obedience in the end ;
 So we such awful Thoughts of you receive,
 W'hat e're you'll do we for our good believe ;
 Our grand Ambition is our King to please,
 We ne'r can want Repose while he's at Ease.

When

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When by Obedience we have giv'n you rest,
And blasted ev'n the frightful Name of Test,
But smile upon us, and your Slaves are blest.

Thus spake the fawning Minister of State,
Poor in Esteem, and despicably Great ;
The Monarch blest the Priesthood skill,
Forsakes his Reason to perform his Will,
Deserts his Noble Friends for flattering Knaves,
Neglects his Subjects whilst he favours Slaves.

Rise up, brave Prince, attend your Natures Course,
We know that's Noble, when exempt from force ;
Spread your relenting Arms, imbrace your Friends,
They'll help you to attain more Noble Ends ;
You know their Love, the Rebels know their Force,
Serve God with speed, annul th' unjust Divorce,
Then shall you stand great in your Peoples Love,
A lively Emblem of the Mighty *Jove*.

Then shall your haughty Rival cease to soar,
And tremble at the Neighb'ring *Brittish* shore ;
The Senates Bounty shall preserve you still,
VVith cheerful Tribute all your Coffers fill.
All Kings shall gaze with Envy on your Throne,
Then with Contempt look down upon their own ;
To gain your smiles shall be their utmost Pride,
And happy he who nearest is ally'd.

Belov'd by God and Men you shall remain,
Great without VVar, and undisturb'd your Reign.
Then when the Remnant of your days are done,
The Thred of Glorious Life at length is spun,
Sincere in Grief your people all shall mourn,
Some goodly Fabrick shall your Grave adorn
VVith this Inscription, for Eternal Praise,
Here lyes the only Prince who left all Evil Ways.

The VISION.

TWas at an hour when busie Nature lay
 Dissolv'd in slumbers from the noisy Day,
 When gloomy shades and dusky Atoms spread
 A darkness o'er the Universal Bed,
 And all the gaudy beams of light were fled;
 My flutt'ring fancy 'midst the silent peace,
 Careless of *sleep*, and unconcern'd with *ease*,
 Drew to my wandring thoughts an object near,
 Strange in its *form*, and in *appearance* rare.
 Methought (yet sure it could not be a Dream,
 So real all its Imperfections seem)
 With *Princely* Port a stately *Monarch* came,
Airy his mein, and *Noble* was his frame:
 A sullen sorrow brooded on his Brow;
 He seem'd beneath some weighty Fate to bow;
Distrust and *Grief* upon his Eye-lids rest,
 And show the strugling troubles of his Breast.
 Upon his Head a *nodding Crown* he wore,
 And in his Hand a *yielding Scepter* bore;
 Forlorn and careless did his strokes appear,
 And every motion spoke a wild *Despair*.

This mournful Scene did all my Passions move,
 And challeng'd both my *pity* and my *love*,
 And yet I thought him by the ruins made
 Above my *pity*, and beyond my *aid*;
 Long did he in a pensive silence stand,
 For sure his thoughts cou'd not his words command:
 Too big for speech——

Till

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Till sullen murmurs from his bosom flew,
And thus a draught of his disorders drew.

Almighty Powers! By whose consent alone
Ordain'd, I did ascend the *Regal* Throne,
Led by your dark Decrees, and Conduct there,
I, as your great *Vicegerent*, did appear
Beneath my charge, whilst crowding Nations fate,
And bow'd and did admire my rising Fate:

'Twas then my *Laurels* fresh and blooming grew,
And a loud Fame of all my Glories flew;
My willing Subjects bless and clap the day;

The bravest and the best were all my friends,
Whilst Faction in confusion sneak'd away;

At distance grinn'd, but could not reach their ends.
Such Faith unto my promises were shown,
My Word they took, for Oaths were useless grown;
My very Word compos'd their hopes and fears,
Sacred 'twas held, and all *Serene* appears:

Until my *Fate* revers'd did backwards reel,
Blurr'd all my Fame, and alter'd Fortune's Wheel;
Ye Gods! Why did ye thus unconstant prove?

Was I the Envy of th' Abodes above?

Or was this stately Majesty but given

To be the Cheat and Flatt'ry ev'n of *Heaven*?

Can ne'er a *Saint* implore *Cœlestial* aid?

Nor yet the *Virgin Goddess* intercede?

'Twas for her Cause engag'd I suffer'd lie;

'Twas to advance *her* just *Divinity*:

Yes, I avow the Quarrel and the Cause,

'Twas for my *Faith*, and to out-cope the *Laws*.

I'de rather be forsaken and alone,

Than sit a craving Monarch on a *Throne*:

Let all my cringing Slaves at distance stand,

Fawn on th' Invading Foe, and kiss his Hand;

Leave

Leave me their *Prince*, forsaken and forlorn,
 Expos'd to all their slights and public scorn.
 Let after Ages judge the mighty Test,
 Judge the Magnifick Grandure of my breast.
 I saw my great forefather yet afore
 Seal all his Sacred Vows with *Martyr'd* gore ;
 His *Royal Issue* branded with disgrace,
 Saw all th' Efforts they us'd t' Exclude the Race :
 And yet these Terrours all I dare invade,
 Thus *Conscience*, thus *Religion* does perswade.
 I'll stand or fall by both those Tenets still,
 And be the second *Martyr* to my Will :
 And then he stop'd, his fiery Eye-Balls move,
 And thus with his resisting *Fate* he strove,
 And stood, like *Capanus* Defying *Jove*.

When streight a noise, from whence it came un-
 Was heard to answer in an angry tone ; (known,
 Die then, unpity'd *Prince*, for thus thy Fate
 Long since, by its Decrees, did antedate :
 To such *perverseness*, what regard is shown ?
 What *Merit* could'st thou plead to mount a Throne ?
 To thy repeated Wishes Heav'n was kind,
 And pleas'd the wild Ambition of thy mind ;
 It put a *Scepter* in thy eager Hand,
 Yet not t' oppose the *Genius* of the Land ;
 If Reason could not sway thy Actions here,
 Heaven's not oblig'd by *Wonders* to appear.

See how thy Creatures at a distance stand,
 Skulk from thy troubles to a safer Land ;
 Those who their beings to thy *bounty* own,
 Forsake their fawning Cheats, and now are gone :
 Those who were *Friends* to thee and to thy Cause,
 Bold for their *Rights*, and for their *Countries* Laws,

Thou

Thou, from thy darker Counfels, did'ft remove,
And want their aid, now they refuse their love.
Some more imperfect founds did reach my ear,
But fenfe return'd, and day-light did appear.

The A D V I C E.

W Ould you be Famous and Renown'd in Story,
And after having run a Stage of Glory,
Go freight to *Heaven* and not to *Purgatory* :

This is the time.

Would you surrender your Difpenfing Power,
And fend the *Western* Hangman to the Tower,
From whence he'll find it difficult to fcoure.

This, &c.

Would you fend Father *P-n*, and Father *L--*,
Affifted by the Poet Laureat *Squab*,
To teach Obedience Paffive to the Mob.

This, &c.

Would you let Reverend Father *Peters* know
What thanks the Church of *England* to him owe
For Favours paff, he did on them beftow.

This, &c.

Would you with expedition fend away
Thofe four dim Lights, made Bifhops t'other day,
To convert *Indians* in *America*.

This, &c.

Would you the reft of that Bald-Pated Train
No longer flatter with thin hopes of Gain,
But fend them to Saint *Omers* back again.

This, &c.

V Vould

Would you (instead of holding Birchen tool)
Send *Pulton* to be lash'd at *Busbey's* School,
That he in Print no longer play the Fool.

This, &c.

Would you that *Jack of all Religions* scare,
Bid him for Hanging speedily prepare,
That *Harry H---s* may visit *Harry Care*.

This, &c.

Would you let *Ireland* no more fear *Macdonnel*,
And all the Rabble under *Philem O Neale*,
And *Clarendon* again succeed *Tyrconnel*.

This, &c.

Would you court Ear-wiggs banish from your Ears,
Those Carpet-Knights, and interested Peers,
And rid the Kingdoms from impending Fears.

This, &c.

Would you at once make all the *Hogan Mogans* yield,
And be at once their *Terrour* and our *Shield*,
And not appear by *Proxy* in the Field.

This, &c.

Would you no more a *Womans* Council take,
But love your Kingdoms for your Kingdoms sake,
Make Subjects *Love* and Enemies to *Quake*.

This, &c.

The CONVERTS.

I Did intend in Rhimes Heroick
To write of Converts Apostolick,
Describe their persons and their shames,
And leave the World to guess their Names :

115077

But

But soon I thought the scoundrel Theme
Was for Heroick Song too mean;
Their Characters we'll then rehearse
In Burlesque, or in Dogrel Verse;
Of Earls, of Lords, of Knights I'll sing,
That chang'd their Faith to please their King.

The first an Antiquated Lord,
A walking Mummy in a word,
Moves cloath'd in Plaisters Aromatick,
And Flannel, by the help of a Stick,
And like a grave and noble Peer,
Outlives his Sense by Sixty year;
And what an honest Man would anger,
Outlives the Fort he built at *Tanger*;
By Pox and Whores long since undone,
Yet loves it still, and fumbles on:
Why he's a Favourite few can guess,
Some say it's for his Uglinefs;
For often Monsters (being rare)
Are valued equal to the Fair:
For in his Mistresses, kind *James*
Loves ugliness in its extreams;
But others say 'tis plainly seen,
'Tis for the choice he made o'th' *Queen*;
VVhen he the King and Nation blest
VVith Off-Spring of the House of *Este*;
A Dame whose Affability
Equals her Generosity:
Oh! VVell match'd Pair, who frugally are bent
To live without the aids of Parliament.
All this and more the Peer perform'd,
Then to compleat his Virtues, turn'd;
But twas not Conscience, or Devotion,
The hopes of Riches or Promotion,

That

That made his Lordship first to vary,
 But 'twas to please his Daughter *Mary* ;
 And she to make retaliation,
 Is null as lewd in her Vocation.

The next a Caravanish Thief,
 A lazy Mass of damn'd Rump Beef;
 Prodigious Guts, no Brains at all,
 But very Rhynocercical,
 VVas Married ere the Cub was lick't,
 And now not worthy to be kick't ;
 By Jockeys bubbled, forc'd to fly,
 To save his Coat, to *Italy*,
 VVhere *H—s* and he, that virtuous Youth,
 Equal in Honour, Sense, and Truth ;
 By Reason and pure Conscience urged,
 Past Sins by Abjuration purged :
 But 'tis believ'd both Rogue and Peer,
 More worldly Motives had to veer ;
 The Scoundrel Plebeians swerving
 Was to secure himself from starving ;
 And that which made the Peer a Starter,
 VVas hope of a long wish'd for Garter.

Next comes a Peer who sits at Helm,
 And long has steer'd the giddy Realm.
 VVith Taylors motion, mein, and grace,
 But a right Statesman in Grimace ;
 The Sneer, the Cringe, and then by turns,
 The dully grave, the Frowns, and Scorns,
 Promises all, but nought performs :
 But howe'er great he's in Promotion,
 He's very humble in Devotion ;
 VVith Taper light, and Feet all bare,
 He to the Temple did repair,
 And knocking softly at the Portal,
 Cry'd, Pitty (Fathers) a poor Mortal,

And

And for a Sinner make some room,

A Prodigal returned home.

Some say that in that very hour,

Convert *Mall Megs* arriv'd at door;

So both with penitent Grimace,

States-man and Bawd with humble pace

Enter'd and were receiv'd to grace.

The next a Knight of high Command

'Twixt *London-bridge* and *Dover-Sand*;

A Man of strict and holy Life,

Taking example from his Wife;

He to a Nunnery sent her packing,

Lest they should take each other napping.

Some say *L'Est*—— did him beget,

But that he wants his Chin and Wit;

Good natur'd, as you may observe,

Letting his Titular Father starve;

A Man of Sense and Parts, we know it,

But dares as well be damn'd as show it;

Brib'd by himself, his trusty Servant

At *Kings-Bench-Bar* appear'd most servent

Against his Honour for the *Test*,

To him 'twas Gain, to all Mankind a Jest.

Blue-Bonnet Lords a numerous store,

Whose best Example is they're poor,

Meerly drawn in, in hopes of Gains,

And reap the scandal for their pains;

Half-starv'd at Court with expectation,

Forc'd to return to their *Sootch* Station,

Despis'd and scorn'd by every Nation.

A paltry Knight not worth a mention,

Renounc'd his Faith for piteous Pension;

After upon True Protestant Whore,

H'had spent a large Estate before.

A thick short Collonel next does come,
 With *Stradling* Legs and massy Bum :
 With many more of shameful Note,
 Whose Honour ne're was worth a Groat.

If these be Pillars of the Church,
 'Tis fear'd they'll leave her in the lurch ;
 If abler Men do not support her Weight,
 All quickly will return to *Forty Eight*.

*The humble Address of your Majesty's
 Poet Laureat, and others your Ca-
 tholick and Protestant dissenting Rhy-
 mers, with the rest of the Fraterni-
 ty of Minor Poets, Inferiour Versifiers
 and Sonnetteers of Your Majesty's
 Ancient Corporation of Parnassus.*

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT we your Majesty's poor slaves,
 Your merry Beggars, witty knaves,
 Being highly sensible how long
 And dull dry Prose address'ing Throng,
 Have daily vext your Royal Ears
 With fullsom speeches, canting Prayers,
 Unanimously think it better
 T' address your Majesty in Meeter.

Great Sir, your healing Declaration
 Has cur'd a base distemper'd Nation ;

The

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The Godly hug it for the ease
 It gives to squeamish Consciences ;
 And by the Mammonists, 'tis made
 The grand encouragement of Trade ;
 But we must reckon it (in our sense)
 A gracious Poetick Licence.
 'Tis your peculiar excellency,
 T' indulge Religion to a frenzy ;
 And our Religion is our fancy :
 For which, we judge 'twould be a crime,
 Not to present our thanks in rhyme ;
 We, with all Subjects of our mind,
 To pay, like us, their dues in kind :
 That jealous Protestants would greet
 With *Tests* and Laws your Royal Feet ;
 That all would sacrifice in course
 Their stubborn Consciences to yours ;
 That th' Academies wou'd oppose
 On no pretence your Royal Cause,
 But quit their Oaths and Founders Laws ;
 That Corporations yield their Charters,
 And no more grudge your Souldiers Quarters ;
 That Borough Towns would chuse such Men,
 As you shan't need send home again ;
 That all right Members take their stations,
 Such as Sir Roger and Sir P ———
 That your new Friends stand every where,
 Of which we recommend one pair,
 Honest *Will Pen* and *Harry Care*.
 Dissenters will with all their heart-a
 Vote for a Gospel *Magna Charta* ;
 Your Judges too will over-awe
 The poor dead letter of the Law ;

Your High Commissioners, from whom
 The obstinate receive their doom,
 For trusty Catholicks make room. }
 Only one resty part o'th' Nation,
 Wou'd bound your power of dispensation ;
 For which we'll bait the Rogues agen,
 With second part of *Hind* and *Pan* :
 We'll Rhime 'em into better manners,
 And make them low'r their Paper-Banners ;
 Nor is this all that we will do,
 No, Sir, we'll pray like Poets too.

May our great God *Apollo* bless you,
 May *Juno* help your budding issue ;
 May you attempt no enemies
 To skirmish with but Butterflies :
 Nor exercise Your Martial Arms,
 But in mock-sieges, false alarms.
 May you have long and peaceful days,
 And may we live to sing your Praise ;
 And after all, may you inherit
 The overplus of the Saints merit.

The L A U R E A T.

*Jack Squabb, his History in little drawn
 Down to his Evening, from his early dawn.*

Appear thou mighty Bard, to open view ;
 Which yet we must confess you need not do :
 The labour to expose thee we may save,
 Thou stand'st upon thy own Records, a Knave ;

Con-

Miscellany P O E M S.

21.

Condemn'd to live in thy Apostate Rhimes,
 The Curse of Ours, and Scoff of Future Times.
 Still tacking round with every turn of State
 Reverse to *Sb*——ry thy cursed Fate
 Is always at a change to come to late :
 To keep his plots from Coxcombs was his Care,
 His Policy was mask'd, and thine is bare :
 Wise Men alone cou'd guess at his Design,
 And cou'd but guess, the Thred was spun so fine :
 But every pur-blind Fool may see through thine.
 Had *Dick* still kept the Regal Diadem,
 Thou hadst been Poet Laureat to him,
 And, long ere now, in lofty Verse proclaim'd
 His high Extraction, among Princes Fam'd ;
 Diffus'd his Glorious Deeds from Pole to Pole,
 Where VVinds can carry, and where VVaves can
 (rowl.
 Nay, had our *Charles*, by Heavens severe Decree,
 Been found, and Murther'd in the Royal Tree,
 Even thou hadst prais'd the Fact ; his Father slain,
 Thou call'dst but gently breathing of a Vein:
 Impious, and Villanous ! to ble'ss the blow
 That laid at once three lofty Nations low,
 And gave the Royal Cause a fatal Overthrow.
 VVhat after this cou'd we expect from thee ?
 VVhat cou'd we hope for, but just what we see ?
 Scandal to all Religions, New and Old ;
 Scandal to thine, where Pardon's bought and sold,
 And Mortgag'd Happiness redeem'd for Gold :
 Tell me, for 'tis a Truth you must allow ;
 VVho ever chang'd more in one Moon, than thou ?
 Even thy own *Zimri* was more stedfast known,
 He had but one Religion, or had none :

VVhat sect of Christians is't thou hast not known,
 And at one time or other made thy own?
 A Bristled *Baptist* bred; and then thy strain
 Immaculate, was free from sinful stain.
 No Songs in those blest times thou didst produce
 To brand, and sham good manners out of use:
 The Ladies then had not one Bawdy Bob,
 Nor thou the Courtly Name of Poet Squab.
 Next, thy dull Muse, an *Independent* Jade,
 On sacred Tyranny five Stanza's made,
 Prais'd *Noll*, who ev'n to both extreame did run,
 To kill the Father, and dethrone the Son.
 VVhen *Charles* came in, thou didst a Convert grow,
 More by thy Interest, than thy Nature so.
 Under his livening Beams thy Laurels spread;
 He first did place that wreath about thy Head;
 Kindly reliev'd thy wants, and gave thee Bread. }
 Here 'twas thou mad'st the Bells of Fancy chime,
 And choak'd the Town with suffocating Rhime.
 'Till Heroes form'd by thy Creating Pen,
 VVere grown as cheap, and Dull, as other Men.
 Flush'd with success, full Gallery, and Pit,
 Thou bravest all Mankind with want of VVit.
 Nay, in short time, wer't grown so proud a Ninny,
 As scarce t'allow that *Ben* himself had any.
 But when the men of Sense thy Error saw,
 They check'd thy Muse, and kept the Termagant
 (in awe.

To Satyr next thy Talent was Address,
 Fell foul on all, thy friends among the rest:
 Those who the oft'nest did thy wants supply,
 Abus'd, Traduc'd, without a reason why.
 Nay, ev'n thy Royal Patron was not spar'd,
 But an obscene, a santring wretch declar'd.

Thy

Thy Loyal Libel we can still produce,
 Beyond Example, and beyond Excuse.
 O strange return, to a forgiving King,
 But the warm'd Viper wears the greatest Sting.
 Thy Pension lost, and justly without doubt,
 VVhen Servants snarl, we ought to kick 'em out ;
 They that disdain their Benefactors Bread,
 No longer ought by Bounty to be fed.
 That lost, the Vizor chang'd, you turn about,
 And strait a True-blue Protestant crept out ;
 The *Frier* now was writ ; and some will say
 They smell a Male-content through all the Play.
 The *Papist* too was damn'd, unfit for Trust,
 Call'd Treacherous, Shameless, Profligate, Unjust, }
 And Kingly Power thought Arbitrary Lust.
 This lasted till thou didst thy Pension gain,
 And that chang'd both thy Morals, and thy strain.
 If to write Contradictions, Nonsense be,
 VVho has more Nonsense in their VVorks than thee ?
 VVe'll mention but thy *Lay-mans Faith*, and *Hind*,
 VVho'd think both these (such clashing do we find) }
 Could be the product of one single mind :
 Here, thou wou'dst Charitable fain appear,
 Find'st fault that *Athanasius* was severe ;
 Thy Pity strait to Cruelty is rais'd,
 And even the pious Inquisition prais'd,
 And recommended to the present Reign :
 " O happy Countries, *Italy* and *Spain* !
 Have we not cause, in thy own words, to say,
 Let none believe what varies every day, }
 That never was, nor will be at a stay.
 Once, Heathens might be sav'd, you did allow ;
 But not, it seems, we greater Heathens now :

The Loyal Church, that buoys the Kingly Line,
 Damn'd with a breath, but 'tis such breath as thine :
 What credit to thy party can it be,
 T' have gain'd so lewd a Profligate as thee ?
 Stray'd from our Fold, makes us but laugh, not weep;
 We have but lost what was disgrace to keep :
 By them Mistrusted, and to us a scorn ;
 For it is weakness, at the best to turn.
 True, hadst thou left us in the former Reign,
 T' had prov'd, it was not wholly done for Gain ; }
 Now, the Meridian Sun is not so plain.
 Gold is thy God, for a substantial sum, }
 Thou to the *Turk*, wouldst run away from *Rome*, }
 And sing his Holy Expedition against Christendom, }
 But to conclude, blush with a lasting Red,
 (If thou'rt not mov'd with what's already said)
 To see thy Boars, Bears, Buzards, Wolves and Owls,
 And all thy other Beasts, and other Fowls,
 Routed by two poor Mice : (Unequal fight)
 But easie 'tis to Conquer in the Right.
 See there a Youth (a shame to thy gray hairs)
 Make a meer Duncce of all thy threescore years.
 What in that tedious Poem hast thou done,
 But cramm'd all *Aesops* Fables into one.
 But why do I the precious minutes spend
 On him, that wou'd much rather hang, than mend.
 No, Wretch, continue still just as thou art,
 Thou'rt now in this last Scene, that Crowns thy part ;
 To purchase Favour, veer with every Gale,
 And against Interest never cease to rail ; }
 Tho thou'rt the only proof how Interest can prevail. }

The Vision of Toleration.

Last Night, when I my self to sleep had laid ;
 Whilst bones did rest, my roving busie Head
 Methought, had strangely carry'd me from home,
 And I (the Lord knows how) was got to *Rome* ;
 It happen'd to be on a publick day,
 When Pope and Cardinals were met ; not to pray,
 That's not their business, but to hold Debates,
 How to Rule Kings, and how to Govern States:
 Most strange Employments sure for Gospel Preachers,
 The Apostles were not Rulers, but Mens Teachers.
 When Tripple Crown had took St. *Peter's* Chair,
 (He little thought a Crown should e'er come there:)}
 The rest to their respective seats repair ;
 And the first matter they did fall upon;
 Was the Affairs of th' Isle call'd *Albion* :
 Methought an horned Legate did present
 In Parchment fair ingross'd, a long complaint, }
 Against the Monster call'd a *Parliament* :
 Which being softly read, Christ's Vicar cries,
Who th' plague has open'd these damn'd Her ticks eyes ?
I thought the sugar'd promise at first made
To them, would the believing Fools perswade
Out of their Bread and Butter ; but since jealous
Of Privilege, and for their Church so zealous ;

Since

Since we can't overturn this Impious Test,
 Of all methods beyond dispute the best :
 Since Shams won't take, What must the next be done,
 Against our Rival Church of Albion ?
 His Reverend speech thus ended, whilst each mind
 Was busied, some new Stratagem to find ;
 Ere any spake, there strangely did appear
 One cloath'd in black, and stood before the Chair ;
 All Eyes upon him fixt, and all Tongues mute,
 With a feign'd Voice he did them thus salute :
 Hail ! Reverend Patriarch, and ye that are
 Worthy Assistants of St. Peter's Chair :
 I from the Author of your Faith am come,
 From him first plac'd th' unerring Chair in Rome ;
 Who gave judicial power to pardon sins,
 And to Depose the Unbelieving Kings :
 Who you out of your senses does perswade,
 Not to discern Flesh, Blood, and Bones from Bread ;
 Who is your Churches best Friend and Physician,
 To cure her Schisms by Holy Inquisition :
 Who taught you burning was the Remedy,
 Lawful to purge the Church from Heresie :
 French Nero taught to manage Hugonaut :
 He who all your new Articles has taught ;
 From him I come, and by Commission tell,
 Right Trusty and Belov'd, he greets you well ;
 Extremely pleas'd with your great pains and care,
 T'increase his Kingdom, in this grand Affair
 Of Albion. It is his will and pleasure,
 That to perfect the Work, you take this measure ;
 You know as well as he, that in that Nation,
 Are many Bastard-slips of th' Reformation ;
 Who, with their Sister have been still at odds,
 Because (I wish 'twere true) she serv'd your Gods.

But

Miscellany POEMS.

87

But seeing their mistake, they now begin
 To have a good opinion, and come in
 To her Communion; and she thereby
 Grows daily a more potent enemy.
 Now to prevent a Reconciliation,
 He bids declare an Act of Toleration;
 Let Independant, Presbyter, and Quaker,
 Wub-Anabaptist, Muggletonian, Seeker,
 Sweet Singer, Family of Love, Fifth-Monarchy;
 Give all these whimsy-heads their Liberty,
 They'll with each other fall at enmity:
 And all against the Church, confirm'd by Law,
 Though for no other cause, but 'cause tis so.
 If you can but perswade them to Rebel,
 Th' King has an Army will make all things well;
 In these Directions Expeditious be,
 Your time's but short, J. R's past Fifty three.
 His well invented Speech thus having ended,
 He in a flash of Brimstone fire descended.
 They seeing him to vanish in that fashion,
 Cry'd out, that 'twas a Divine Revelation:
 At which I wondred, for I did not know,
 Till then, that Roman Gods had dwelt below.
 First sight, I thought him Jesuit, but when
 I saw the Cloven-Foot concluded then
 He was th' old accuser of the Brethren.
 VWhen they a while had on his Speech reflected,
 They all agreed 't should be as 'twas directed.
 One only, cry'd, more grave, and full of sense,
 VVe our designs must colour with pretence;
 VVe'll say 'tis tender Consciences to ease,
 And to preserve the Government in peace,
 VWhich all lik'd well; and bade, 't should be ingross,
 And sent unto the Nuncio by the Post:

After

After which order to the Secretary,
They all concluded with an *Ave Mary*.

On the Bishops Confinement.

WHere is there Faith and Justice to be found ?
Sure the VWorld trembles, Nature's in a
To see her pious Sons design'd to fall (swound ;
A victim to Religion ; Truth, and all
The charms of Piety are no defence
Against the new-found power, that can dispence }
VWith Laws to murder sacred Innocence :
Surely; unless some pitying God look down,
And stem this torrent, it will down
Divinity it self. —

The Bishops Prisoners ! Can we tamely see
Those Reverend Prelates bow the knee
To Antichrist ? No, mighty Monarch, no,
Though we must pay to *Cæsar* what we owe,
There is a power supream, by which you live ;
VWhose Arm is longer, and Prerogative
Larger by far than yours ; whose very word
Can blast your hopes, and turn your two-edg'd
Can make his Secular Vice-gerent know, (sword ;
Virtue, like Palms deprest, do higher grow.
Though Rob'd in all the Grandeur of your State,
Courtiers, like radiant Stars, about you wait :
'Midst of your glorious joys, when you put on
That awful presence which becomes a Throne ;
Belshazzar like, three Words upon the Wall
Shall blast your Joys, and make your Glories fall.

His

His Holiness, that Patriot of strife,
Though he can grant you Pardons, cannot Life;
Arise then, Mighty Sir, in God-like mien,
As of thy Valour, let thy Truth be seen;
Free from mistrust, let all your words be clear;
By actions, let your promises appear: (Crown;
Protect that Church which brought you to the
You know 'tis great and honourable to own
A kindness done; but to reward with death
That happy instrument that gave you breath,
Is mean, and might a *Cath'licks* Conscience sting,
To cut the hand off that Anoints you King.

*The Last Will and Testament of Father
Peters.*

I.

IN his Holiness Name,
With *Amen* I proclaim
My *last Will and Testament* following:
Who in body am well,
But in mind monstrous ill;
While in dismal Dispair I am wallowing.

II.

My Soul I bequeath,
To the Regions beneath;
It has long to the Devil been due:
To be tortur'd in pain,
More than I did ordain
To inflict on the Heretick Crew.

III.

III.

My Body a Pledge,
 I give to the Sledge,
 To ride on't to Tyburn in state :
 And there in a Cart,
 Before I depart,
 All my Villanous Actions relate.

IV.

When the Rout I've harrang'd,
 To submit to be Hang'd ;
 And ere dead to be cut down and Quarter'd:
 While each Blockhead and Whore
 Dips a Clout in my Gore,
 To proclaim to the World I am Martyr'd.

V.

My Politick Head
 With my Quarters when Dead,
 Each one to be perch'd on a Pole ;
 Thus by Prophetick Spirit,
 According to Merit,
 I've dispos'd of my Body and Soul.

VI.

And next I declare,
 Not to mention an Heir,
 My Executors wholly and full,
 To cut off all other,
 The Spark and his Mother,
 VVho three Politick Nations wou'd Gull.

VII.

My Funeral Charge,
 As it will not be large,
 So 'twill take up less room in my VVill :
 But were it much more,
 Since I die on this score,
 They'll never be troubled with Bill.

VIII.

VIII.

It may do 'em both good
For all their High Blood,
'Tis Full Threescore thousand compleat:
As I got it by Fools,
So I leave it to Tools,
While the Church and Relations I Cheat.

IX.

My Books, tho' not many,
For I never lov'd any,
They may keep for their private Occasions;
They're of Riddles and Dreams,
From whence I took Theams
To furnish my self with Orations.

X.

The rest of my Stuff,
Since they have enough,
I Bequeath to a pretty young Sinner;
'Twill furnish a Room
To practise at Home,
And encourage a happy Beginner.

XI.

I'll not give 'em the Trouble
To pay the Priests double,
To fetch me from Purgatory:
For that, like the rest
Of our Creed, is a Jest;
And as true as the Song of John Dory.

XII.

For if there's a Hell,
I deserve it so well
I need not despair of the Place;
And none but an Ass
Will believe that the Mass,
Can ever restore him to Grace.

XIII.

XIII.

I confess they are fools,
Which our Church daily gulls,
And particularly with this Nation:
Such as when they do Pray,
Know not one word they say,
'Tis their Ignorance helps their Devotion.

XIV.

But I am wide of my Text,
Being damnably vext
To see how the Jesuits are fool'd ;
And your prospects of peace
Do my Torments increase,
More than losing my Life and my Gold.

XV.

On our Brotherhood all
May my last blessing fall,
And on every Monk, Friar and Priest ;
May they ere 'tis too late
Partake of my Fate,
And become every Hereticks Jest.

XVI.

I wou'd have Enlarg'd,
But my Conscience discharg'd,
I'll here make an end of my Sermon,
And wish all this Throng
May be damn'd, Old and Young,
And so drive away, Honest Carman.

The Pope's W I S H.

To the Tune of the Old Mans's With.

IF I wear out of date, as I find I fall down,
For my Chair it is rotten, and shakes like my
(Crown;

Tho I be an Impostor, may this be my doom,
Let my Spiritual Market continue at Rome :

*May the words of my mouth the Nations betray,
Till Monarchs and Princes my Sceptre obey;
To feed on the fat, and the lean ones to slay:
And the lean ones to slay.*

Tho my Birth be equivocal, I look like a Bear;
My Tribe they be cloath'd with sackcloth and hair,
(A Hypocrites habit, and fit to deceive)
Let no man decypher the Pope for a knave;

May the words of my mouth, &c.

Tho my Actions be wicked, my Principles ill,
May I be reputed his Holiness still;
With the Keys on my Arm to chink like a Bell,
And Conjure a Soul for Gold out of Hell.

May the words of my mouth, &c.

With a pair of Great Princes, both lazy and idle,
The one to hold Stirrup, the other the Bridle;
And when they have done, for their pains let 'em
(take

A kick on the breech, and a stamp on the neck.

May the words of my mouth, &c.

D

May

May I be adored by better and worse :

Let Kings kiss my Toe, and *Mab'met* mine A—e.

May Pardons give price, and *Indulgences* sell,

And every Opposer be turn'd into Hell.

May the words of my mouth, &c.

Let the spiritual Peddlers, the Priests tell a story,
Of *Limbus Infantum*, and *New Purgatory*,
T'extinguish Sedition, and blow out Contention ;
To work all my Miracles by apprehension.

May the words of my mouth, &c.

May the Church-men and Clergy ne're Marry nor
But hug the old Harlot that's cast in a Bed, (Wed,
Let the Friars with the Nuns commit Fornication,
(If sin) 'tis but Venial, and sweet Recreation.

May the words of my mouth, &c.

May the Priests at Confession make a Virgin to fall,
And when she gets up, give her Pardon for all ;
Let Bawds have their Trade, and Whores have their
(pleasure,

To fill (with their fleshly) my Spiritual Treasure.

May the words of my mouth, &c.

And whate're I do, or whate're befalls me,
He's a Spiritual Traitor, that Whoremonger calls me;
By Bell, Book, and Candle, I'll bar him from Glory,
And send him to Hell, or at least Purgatory.

May the words of my mouth, &c.

Let the Saints at devotion make Prayers for the
(Dead,

And least they misreckon, count all by a Bead.

With Pictures in Churches, that people may pray
To Idols compos'd of Stone, Wood, and Clay.

May the words of my mouth, &c.

With a Lamp Everlasting that burneth for ever,
Of the poor Widows Oil, which providence gives
her ;
With

With St. Anthony's Fart, that he let in a Frolick,
Which smells like a Rose, and cures the *Wind-colick*

May the words of my mouth, &c.

Let people be cheated, a Wafer to take,
And call it a God, tho bak'd in a Cake;
Let them play their Devotion at Church on a fiddle;
But ne'er be so wise as to find out the Riddle.

*May none be so bold my words to despise,
Till I dull all Mens ears, and hood-wink their eyes,
And blind the whole World with fopperies and lyes.*

The Protestant Litany.

From Religion that's Nonsense, and larded with
(lyes ;

From shutting the Cupbord, and chinking the Keys ;

From Light that ascendeth like smoak to the Skies ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From a Pope that's in Passion, and bendeth his Wits

For Plots, and Conspiracies, digging of Pits ;

From a people that crameth their God in their Guts ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From Spain's Inquisition, and Scarlet attire ;

From zeal that is kindled with Faggot and Fire ;

From a Priest that Dispenseth his Pardons for Hire ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From Wine that's Converted to poison for blood ;

From the Dragon's breath, and venemous flood ;

From *Babylon's* Brats, and all the Beasts brood ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From a *Feminine* Pope, of the *Epicene* Gender,
 From *Joan* who did drink to the Devil her attender;
 From him who's of fopperies (for faith) the Defen-
 der ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From unprofitable Servants, who Heaven do merit,
 Who Preach the true Gospel, denying the Spirit ;
 And think by their fool'ries Salvation t' inherit ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From a Queen clad in Scarlet, that looks like a
 (Witch ;

From those who for Penance must whip their own
 (Breech ;

From her that needs brimstone to cure her old itch ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From a Beast that is spotted, and snuffs up the Air,
 With a Mouth like a Lion, and Feet like a Bear ;
 From Garments deceitful, composed of Hair ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From Beggars who're Rich, and beg for the poor ;
 From Kings without Kingdoms, that Reign but an
 (hour ;

From the Grape of *Gomorrha*, that's sweet, and yet
 sower ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From *Leo* the Coward, and *Clement* the Clown ;
 From *Pius* the wicked, that's veil'd with a Gown ;
 From fools out of fashion, and shav'd in the Crown.

Good Lord deliver us.

From *Roma diutubans*, ready to spue ;
 From Locusts and Frogs, and *Babylons* crew ;
 From the Prophet, or tail which the Stars back-
 ward drew ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From

From a Shepherd whose crook is knob'd like a Club,
The one end to catch, the other to rub ;
And one who his Sheep of their Fleece does rob ;
Good Lord deliver us.

A Character of Old England, in Allusion to a Piece of Tacitus de Vita Agricolaë.

THE Free-born *English*, generous and wise,
Hate Chains, but do not Government despise :
Rights of the Crown, Tribute and Taxes they
When lawfully exacted, freely pay :
Force they abhor, and *wrongs* they scorn to bear,
More govern'd by their *judgment* than their *fear* ; }
Justice with them is never held severe.
Here Power by *Tyranny* is never got ;
Law may perhaps ensnare them, *Force* cannot.
Rash Counsels here, have still the worst effect ;
The surest way to *Rule*, is to *Protect*.
Kings are unsafe in their *unbounded* will,
Join'd with the wretched Power of doing ill.
Forsoaken most, when they're most *absolute* ;
Laws guard the *Man*, and only bind the *Brute* :
Those guardian Laws with force to undermine,
Can never be a prudent Kings design. }
What King would change to be a *Cataline* ;
Break his own Laws, shake an *unquestion'd* Throne,
Conspire with Vassals to Usurp his own ?
It's worthier some *base Favorites* pretence,
To *Tyrannize* at the *wrong'd* Kings Expence.

Let *France* grow proud, beneath the Tyrants lust,
 While the *wreckt* people *crawl*, and lick the dust.
 The mighty *Genius* of this *Isle*, disdains
 Ambitious slavery, and Golden Chains.
England to slavish Yoke did never bow.
 VVhat Conquerours ne're presum'd, who *dare* do now?
Roman nor *Norman* never did pretend
 To have *enslav'd*, but made this *Isle* their friend.

*Advice to the Prince of Orange, and
 the Packet-Boat returned.*

- Adv.* T H E year of wonder now is come,
 A Jubilee proclaim at *Rome* ;
 The Church has pregnant made the Womb.
- Pac.* No more of the admired year,
 No more of Jubilee declare ;
 All Trees that blossom do not bear.
- Adv.* *Orange* give o're your hopes of Crowns,
 And yield to *France* the *Belgick* Towns ;
 And keep your Fleet out of the *Downs*.
- Pac.* We'll wait for Crowns, not Interest quit,
 Let *Lewis* take what he can get ;
 And do not you proscribe our Fleet.
- Adv.* Ye talk of Eighty Men of War,
 Well Rigg'd and Mann'd you say they are ;
 'Twas joyful News when it came here.
- Pac.* Well may the sound of Eighty Sail,
 Make *England's* greatest Courage fail ;
 When half the number will prevail.

Adv.

Adv. But we have some upon the Stocks,
And others laid up in our Docks ;
Well fitted out, would match your Cocks.

Pac. Tack not as if you'd match our Cocks,
And Launch your few Ships on the Stocks ;
And if you can, secure your Docks.

Adv. Besides, we've call'd our Subjects home,
Which in your Fleet and Army rome,
But you, they say, won't let them come.

Pac. Your Subjects, in our Camp and Fleet,
Whom you with *Proclamation* greet,
Will all obey, when they think fit.

Adv. Souldiers and Seamen both we need,
Old England's quite out of the breed ;
Feather and Scarf won't do the deed.

Pac. Of Men and Arms never despair,
The Civiliz'd wild *Irish* are
Couragious even to Massacre.

Adv. Now, if you'd be Victorious made,
Like us, on *Hounslow* Masquerade ;
Advance your Honour, and your Trade.

Pac. Then take this Counsel back again,
Leave off to mimick in Campaign,
And fight in earnest on the Main.

Adv. *Buda* we storm'd, and took't with ease ;
Do you the same upon the Seas,
And then we'll meet you when you please.

Pac. The storming *Buda* does declare,
That you the glorious Off-spring are,
Of them that made all *Europe* fear:

Adv. Such Warlike Actions will at least
Inspire each neighbouring Monarchs breast,
Till *Lewis* shall compleat the rest.

Pac. Such Camp, such Siege, and such sham Shews,
 Make each small State your power oppose,
 And *Lewis* lead you by the Nose.

The Hieroglyphick.

C Ome Painter, take a prospect from this Hill,
 And on a well-spread Canvas shew thy Skill :
 Draw all in Colours as they shall appear,
 And as they stand in merit place them there.
 Draw, as the Heralds do, a spacious Field ;
 And, as directed, so let that fill'd.
 First, draw a *Popish* Army brisk and gay,
 Fighting, and beat, destroy'd, and run away.
 Then draw a Hearse, and let it stand in view,
 The Mourners more, far more than they're in shew,
 Cursing their Fate, their Stars, and in that fear,
 Shew, if thou canst, how those damn'd *Sots* prepare
 To run, or stay and skulk in holes alone :
 By them, this Motto, *Gallows claim thy own*.
 Now, to the Life, let thy brisk Pencil shew
 Distinctly what they are, and what's their due.
 Now draw a crowd of *Priests* prepar'd to ruu,
 Like broken *Merchants* when their stock is gone ;
 Some howling out their Prayers, forget and say,
 Save us *St. Ketch* : Are all our *Saints* away ?
 Draw them in hurry, running to and fro,
 Posting to *Dover*, *Portsmouth*, *Tyburn* too.
 Next draw a croud of Lords. This Label by,
The great Design is lost. Alas, they cry,
 Who'd serve a Cause of such curst Destiny ?

Now

Now draw four *Priests*, shew how they *Rome* adore,
And each mans Scarf hang to be seen before.

Two brace of *Bishops*, fallen to despair,
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, but running God knows where.
Now shew the Judges, and with them thy skill,
That all who see it done, may say, 'tis well ;
In Caps and Gowns, as they in order fate
'Twixt Heaven and Earth do thou them elevate ;
For their grave Noddles can dispence with that. }
Now draw the little Rogues, the Scoundrel Crew, }
Knights,Knaves,and Beggars,they must have their }
(due, }

G-d-b-ry, *B ler*, ay, and others too.

Amidst thus croud, on a fit spot of Land,
To crown the work, let a large Gallows stand ;
All trembling by, arm'd with their guilt and fears,
Kneel to this Image, and pour out their Prayers,
And then die by Suffocation.

To the ten Dispensing Judges.

Dignify'd things, may I your leaves implore,
To kiss your hands, and your high Heads adore ; }
Judges you are, but you are something more.
May I draw near, and with a rough-hew'd Pen,
Give a small Draught of you, the worst of men :
Tell of your merits, and your mighty skill,
And how your Charms all Courts of Justice fill.
Your *Laws*, far stronger than the *Commons Votes*,
So finely flow from your *Dispensing Throats*.
What *Rome* will ask, you must not her deny :
If Hell command you too, you must comply.

There's

There's none but you would in this Cause combine,
 Things made like men, but act like brutes and swine.
 Law-books are trash, a *Student* he's a Drudge :
 Learn to say, Yes, he's an accomplish'd Judge ;
 He wins the Scarlet Robe, and wears it too :
 Ay, and deserves it well, for more's his due ;
 All that compleats a Traytor dwells in you. }
 Thus you like Villains to the Benches get ; }
 And in defiance to the Laws, you sit, }
 And all base actions that will please commit :
 There must you toil for *Rome*, and also try }
 Your *Irish* Sense, and Cobweb Policy, }
 Compleat your Crimes; and then you're fit to die. }
 True Loyal Babes ! Pimps to the Church of *Rome*,
Tresilian's Heirs : Heirs to his crimes and doom.
 Was e'er the Hall fill'd up with such a Brood,
 All dipt in Treason, Villanies or Blood :
 Worse than *Fanatick* Priests, for they being prest
 By a wise Prince, Preach'd to *Repeal the Test*.
 Then here's the difference, 'twixt you *Popish* Tools,
 You're downright Rogues, they only Knaves and
 (Fools.

Religious Relicks: *Or, the Sale at the
 Savoy, upon the Jesuites breaking up
 their School and Chappel.*

I.
 L Aft *Sunday*, by chance,
 I encounter'd with *Pr—e*,
 That Man of upright Conversation,

Who

Who told me such News,
That I could not chuse
But laugh at his sad Declaration.

II.

Says he, if you'll go,
You shall see such a show,
Of *Reliques* expos'd to be sold,
Which from sin and disease,
Will purge all that please
To lay out their Silver and Gold.

III.

Straight with him I went,
Being zealously bent,
Where for sixpence the man let me in;
But the Crowd was so great,
I was all in a Sweat,
Before the rare show did begin:

IV.

The Curtain being drawn,
Which I think was of Lawn,
The *Priest* cross'd himself thrice, and bow'd;
Then with a four Face,
Denoting his case,
He address'd himself thus to the Crowd:

V.

You see our sad State,
'Tis a folly to prate,
Our Church and our Cause is a-ground;
So in short, if you've Gold,
Here is to be sold
For a Guinea the worth of ten Pound.

VI.

Here's St. *James's* Old Bottle,
It holds just a Pottle,
With the Pilgrims Habit he wore;

The

The same Scollop Shells,
As our Holy Church tells,
Who denies it's a Son of a W——

V I I.

Here's a piece of the Bag,
By Age turn'd to a Rag,
In which *Judas* the Money did bear ;
With a part of his Rope,
Bequeath'd to the *Pope*,
As an Antidote 'gainst all Despair.

V I I I.

Here's a Rib of *St: Laurence*,
'Tis also at *Florence*,
And it may be in *France*, or in *Spain* ;
It cures Stone and Gravel,
And Women in Travel,
And delivers without any pain.

I X.

Here's *St. Joseph's* Old Coat,
Though scarce worth a Groat,
It's plainness does shew he'd no Pride ;
Yet this he had on,
For besides it he'd none,
The day that he Marry'd his Bride.

X.

His Breeches are there,
A plain Leather pair,
Come buy the whole Suit, if you please ;
They'll defend you from th' Itch,
From Hag, and from Witch,
And preserve you from Buggs and from Fleas.

X I.

Here's the Gall of a Saint,
For such as do faint,
Or are troubl'd with Fits of the Mother ;

Nay,

Nay, if your breath stink,
Worse than Close-stool or Sink,
It will cure you as soon as the other.

XII.

Here's a Prayer of Pope *John*,
The like to't is none,
If you say it but three times a year;
Three hundred in Grace,
And three hundred 'twill place
In Heaven, if they ever come there.

XIII.

Here's our Ladies old Shoe,
Which in Old time was new,
It will cure all your Kibes and your Corns;
With the Coif of *St. Bridget*,
To be worn by each Idiot,
Whose Head is tormented with Horns.

XIV.

Here's a bottle of Tears,
Preserv'd many years,
Of *Mary's* that once was a Sinner;
Some o'th' Fish and the Bread,
That the five thousand fed,
Which our Saviour invited to Dinner.

XV.

Here's *St. Francis* own Cord,
You may take't on my word,
Who dies in it cannot be Damn'd;
Do but buy it, and try,
If I tell you a lye,
Many thousands of Heaven are sham'd.

XVI.

Here's his Holiness's beard,
Of whom you have heard,
That the Hereticks called Pope *Joan*;
Yet

Yet this I dare swear,
Was his natural Hair,
Or else I'll be sworn he had none.

XVII.

It's Vertue is such,
That if it does touch
Your Head, or your Face, or elsewhere,
It does straitway restore,
More than e're was before,
Though by Age or by Action worn bare.

XVIII.

Here's *St. Christopher's* Boot,
For his Right Leg and Foot,
Which he wore when he ply'd at the Ferry,
When on's shoulders he bore
His blessed Lord o're,
For the poor man had never a Wherry.

XIX.

Such as sail on the Seas,
I am sure it will please,
For its parallel never was found ;
Neither Tempest nor Storm,
Can e'er do them harm,
Nor is't possible they should be drown'd.

XX.

Here's infinite more,
I have by me in store,
All which lye conceal'd in this Hamper ;
Either buy them to day,
Or I'll throw them away,
For to morrow, by Heaven, I'll scamper.

XXI.

Our Market is done,
We must shut up at Noon,
VVe expect them each hour at the Door ; VVe

V Ve are Hang'd if we stay,
And we can't get away,
For none will, nor dare carry us o're.

X X I I.

But by th' Faith of a Priest,
This is no time to jest,
Since we are baulk'd in our great Expectation;
Before I will swing,
Like a Dog in a string,
I'll Renounce the *Transubstantiation*.

*Private Occurrences: Or, the Trans-
actions of the four last Years. Writ-
ten in Imitation of the Old Ballad of
Hey brave Oliver, Ho brave Oliver,
&c.*

I.

A Protestant Muse, yet a Lover of Kings;
On th' Age, grown a little Satyrical, sings,
Of Papists, their Counsels, and other fine things.
*Sing hey brave Popery, ho rare Popery, oh fine Popery,
Oh dainty Popery, oh.*

I I.

She hopes she offends no *Englishman's* patience;
Tho Satyr's forbid on all such occasions,
She's too good a subject to read Declarations.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

I I I.

III.

If the saying be good, of *Let him laugh that Wins,*
 Sure a loser may smile without any offence ;
 My Muse then is gameesome, and thus she begins ;
With hey brave Popery, &c.

IV.

VVhen *Ch*—deceas'd, to his Kingdoms dismay,
 By an *Apoplex*, or else some other way :
 Our brother with shouts was proclaim'd the same
Sing hey brave Popery, &c. (day.

V.

His first Royal promise was never to touch
 Our Rights, nor Religion, nor priviledge grutch :
 But *Pet*—swore Dam him, he granted too much.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

VI.

Then *Mon*—came in with an Army of Fools,
 Betray'd by his Cuckold, and other dull Tools,
 That painted the Turf of *Green Sedgmore* with *Gules*.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

VII.

That Victory gotten, some think to our wrong,
 The Priests bray'd out Joy in a Thanksgiving Song,
 And *Teague* with the Bald-pates were at it ding dong.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

VIII.

Then straight a strong Army was Levy'd in haste,
 To hinder Rebellion ; a very good Jest,
 For some Rogues will swear 'twas to murder the
Sing hey brave Popery, &c. (Test.

IX.

A Politick Law which Recusants did doom,
 That into our Senate they never might come ;
 But Equivalent since, was propos'd in its room.

Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

E

X: As

X.

As if a true Friend should in kindness demand
A Tooth in my Head, which firmly doth stand,
To give for't another he had in his Hand.

Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

X I.

Then *Term* after *Term*, this great matter was weigh'd,
Old Judges turn'd out, and new Block---ds made ;
That *Cook* or wise *Littleton* never did read.

Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

X I I.

The good Ch. of *England* with speed was run down,
VWhose Loyalty ever stood fast to the Crown ;
And *Presbyter John* was made Mayor of the Town.

Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

X I I I.

The Bishops Disgrace made the Clergy to sob :
A Prey to Old *Pet* — and President *Bob* ;
And hurried to Prison as if they did Rob,

Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

X I V.

Then into the world a dear P--- of W---s flit ;
'Twas plain, for we hear a great Minister peep'd :
The Bricklayer for prating had like t'a bin whipp'd.

Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

X V.

Thus *England's* distresses more fierce than the Plague,
That during three years, of no Quiet could brag.
The Prince *Van Aurgnia* has brought from the

Sing hey brave Popery, &c. (Hague.

X V I.

A strong Fleet and Army t'Invade us are bent ;
We know not the Cause, tho there is something in't :
But we doubt not, e're long we shall see it in Print.

Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

E XVII.

XVII.

Ah *England*, that never couldst value thy Peace:
 Had matters been now as in *Elisabeth's* Days,
 The *Dutch* had ne're ventur'd to Fish in our Seas.
 Then Curse of Popery, *pox* o' Popery, plague o' Popery,
 Oh Senseless Popery, *oh*.

On PURGATORY.

WHEN the Almighty first his Palace fram'd,
 That Glorious shining place he *Heaven* nam'd;
 And when the first *Rebellious Angels* fell,
 He Doom'd them to a certain place call'd *Hell*.
 There's *Heaven* and *Hell* confirm'd in sacred story,
 But yet I ne're could read of *Purgatory*:
 That cleansing place, which of late years is found,
 For sinning Souls to Flux in till they're found.
 In imitation of which 'tis said,
 They have the *Hummums* and the *Bagnio's* made,
 Two *Purgatories* of a quicker Trade. }
 There one days *Sufferance* cures the worst that comes,
 And thence they are releas'd for easie *Sums*.
 Oh! *Rome*, for Price and Time thou'rt too severe, }
 Keeping an honest Monarch in two year,
 That never yet deserv'd to come there.
 Priests found out this for good of human Race;
 Th' Almighty never thought of such a place.
 Oh! *Rome*, thou art a wise and learned Nation,
 To add a place wanting in Gods Creation.

A Stanza lately put upon Tyburn.

HAil Reverend Tripes, Guardian of the Law;
Sacred to Justice, Treasons greatest awe!
Do thou decide the Nations weighty Cause,
And judge between the Judges and the Laws.
So shall no guiltless blood thy Timber e're pollute,
But Righteous Laws shall vouch all thou shalt execute.

Harry Care's last Will and Testament.

NOT Hell it self, nor Gloomy Fate, can save
The lewdest sinner from his Destin'd Grave:
But all the sooty Surges once must try,
Old Charon's Boat's a certain Destiny.
This Harry found, whose moldring Corps did call
For Physick props t'uphold the human Wall;
Thinking himself to *Ne plus ultra* come,
He thought of Winding Sheets, and of his Tomb:
Summon'd his glorious Kindred to appear,
To see his last, and his last Will to hear,
The Weeping Crowd the mournful Chamber fill,
While he in dying Accents makes his Will.

Imprimis, for my Soul (if such I have)
I wish it buried with me in my Grave:
For if what great Divines do preach and tell,
Be real Verities of Heaven and Hell,

Down to the gloomy Shores I surely go,
The same I serv'd above must serve below.

And next, for my dear Wife, who Weeps my fall,
And is chief Mourner at my Funeral;
My solè Executrix I do here make,
And let her all my Goods and Chattels take:
Besides, my Province too let her command,
That undiscover'd lies in *Fairy-Land*.
To her my unfold Pamphlets I bequeath,
To buy her Brandy and Tobacco with:
And if she do a Male or Stallion take,
I hope he'll use her kindly for my sake;
With equal Strength the Marriage-Yoke she'll draw,
If he but drench her well with *Ufquebah*.

My Daughter next, the Off-spring of my Bed,
I pour a double Blessing on her Head;
The only Legacy I can bestow,
And more than Heaven gave me here below:
May she the *Irish* Witnes wed, and raise
A Race of Evidences for our Cause.

And for those kinder Folks that propt my Pains,
I freely leave them both my Pen and Brains:
May they my little Artifices use,
To raise up Faction, and the Crowd amuse,
Till being doubly dipt in Infamy,
Like me unpityed, and unenvy'd die.

Now to the numerous Crowd that do's survive,
I only can my dying Counsel give:
The Western Emisaries I approve,
And even dying do declare my Love.
I charge them to stand firm unto their Trust,
Accounting what's their Interest, to be Just.
The Females I commend to Brother Cox,
Who if he cannot cure, can give the Pox;

And

And may he still the vigorous warmth retain,
T' impart to stroaling She in Street or Lane.

I've nothing more to give to all the rest,
But leave Ten Thousand Curses on the Test :
And who do its Abolishing withstand,
I leave upon them an Eternal Brand.
And for the Penal Laws they like so well,
I'll write for their Repeal when I'm in Hell ;
And if Damn'd *Pluto's* Laws are like to these,
I'll quickly sue him out a Writ of Ease,
I there will my Occurrence truly state,
Whilst some Infernal *L---kin* Prints the Cheat ;
I Hells black Tyrant will both sooth and praise,
And even in Sulp'rous *Styx* Sedition raise.

A New SONG.

W Ould you be a Man of Favour ?
V Vould you have your Fortune kind ?
V Vear the Cross and eat the V Vaser,
And you'l have all things t' your Mind.
If the Priest cannot convert you,
Interest then must do the thing :
There be Friars can inform you
How to please a Popish King.

V Vould you see the Papist Lowring,
Lost in a hurry and a fright,
And there Father *Peters* scouring,
Glad of Times for happy Flight.
Stay but till the *Dutch* are Landed,
And the Show will soon appear ;
V Vhen th' Infernal Court's disbanded,
Few will stay for Harbour here.

A new Catch in praise of the Reverend Bishops.

TRue *Englishmen*, drink a good Health to the *Mitre*;
 Let our Church ever Flourish tho her Enemies
 Spight Her :
 May their Cunning and Forces no longer prevail,
 And their Malice, as well as their Arguments, fail.
 Then remember the *Seven* which supported our Cause,
 As Stout as our *Martyrs*, and as Just as our *Laws*.

A new SONG.

To the Tune of, *Packintons Pound*.

TO our once Loyal Town, is lately come down,
 Such an *Hedge-Podge* of *Benchers*, as never
 wore Gown :
Saints, sit for the Legend of *Romes* Pseudo-Martyrs,
 VWho have pawn'd th' *Old Religion*, to purchase
New-Charters ;
 To promote *Publick Faith*, they are zealously bent,
 And Bugger *Geneva* to Fructifie *Trent*.
 When Satan was squeamish, and long'd for a Dainty,
 The Pope Fricass'd him this New Four-and twenty,

11.

The first a *State-Jockey*, bred up of a Groom,
 Twixt a *Colchester-Mare*, and a Stallion of *Rome*.

He

Miscellany P O E M S. 55

He Cants when at *Hollet's*, on *Hopkins* his Metre,
And drops *Pater-Nosters* with *Lowick* and *Petre* :
Thus he Banter*s* *Non-Cons* with *Prophane Masquerade*,
And quacks on the *Gospel* to force a lost Trade.

When Satan was squeamish, &c.

III.

The next *Cacafugo*, once a Captain of Peace,
At the sight of cold Iron he melts in his Grease ;
Yet he looks Indignation, and huffs like an *Hector* ;
He *VV*hores like an Abbot, and drinks like a Rector.
The third *Nicodemus*, a Seeker by Night ; St.
The 4th Father *Whitebread*, who halts for New Light.

When Satan was squeamish, &c.

IV.

The fifth and the sixth, two precise *Rene-* B. and A.
gades ;

The one *Jack* of *Diamonds*, the other of *Spades* :
For Orphans and *V*idows they beautifie *Cloysters* ;
And swallow their Houses, as *Barnacle Oysters* ;
But no Dish so fit when his *Holiness* treats,
As an * *Oleopodrido* of *Zealots* and *Cheats*. * A great

When Satan was squeamish, &c. Italian Dish.

V.

Next formal Sir *Foplin*, who often has slunk, M.
*V*With a Tester at *Rose's* to purchase a Punk ;
But if Porter or Carman be posselt of his Doxy,
He adopts his kind Hostess her spiritual Proxy.
Thus a *Puritan Lecher* (though with a lewd Slut)
May solace the Spirit, while the Flesh goes to Rute

When Satan was squeamish, &c.

VI.

Lo here * *Gog* and *Magog* at once repre- * Fat St.
sent Lean *Jeff*.

The prophane *Carnaval*, and Idolatrous *Lent* ;

E 4

Both

Both *Teckelites* true, as were * *Titus* * *Od* *mins* in the Plot,
and *Euface* ;

The Guts of good! Manners, and Garbage of Justice :
But nothing more proper to vacuate *Laws*,
Than the *Mouth* of *Rebellion*, and *Rump* of the *Cause*.
When Satan was squeamish, &c.

VII.

Advance *Ruffling Dick* to supply the next place, C.
VWho on a bad Matter oft thams a worse Face :
VWhen the *Algerine* Caper has boarded his Frigat,
He can fawn like a *Floater*, and cringe like a *Bigot*.
VWell the good natur'd *Wittal* may wink at his Fate,
Since he that Cornutes him has bugger'd the State.
When Satan was squeamish, &c.

VIII.

VVe'll refer *Young Tertullus* t' a Bill of Review,
Lest he shou'd Repeal what he never yet knew :
His VVorship we'll leave to his new *Breviaries*,
*Till One *Miserere's* worth Ten *Avenaries* ;
For a *Janus*-like Convert, who in Faith interlopes,
Like a *Cordeliar*-Friar, must be sav'd by his Ropes.
When Satan was squeamish, and long'd for a Dainty,
The Pope Fricass'd him this new Four-and twenty.

*A New Song of the Mayor being tossed
in a Blanket, in the North.*

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

FROM the farthermost part of the *North* we have
(News
Of a Man of some Note that receiv'd an Abuse :
For a Dog to be toss'd in a Blanket, 'tis known,
But alas, what is that to the Mayor of a Town ?
For a great Magistrate
To be us'd at that rate,
All the World must allow
It is very hard Fate.

Ah ! is it not strange ? Amongst Wonders we rank it,
That a Mayor of a Town shou'd be toss'd in a Blan-
(ket.

Had a drunken *Tom Tinker* the Penance receiv'd,
Or a Vintner for stumming his Wine, who'd have
(griev'd ?

Had they bolted a Baker for making light Bread,
Or a Taylor for snipping a Yard for a Shred ;

Had it been but a Tapster
For Nicking and Frothing,
Wee'd been contented
To take it for nothing.

But as the Case stands, who, *alafs* ! don't resent it,
And wish now'tis done, that it might be prevented?

Diogenes

Diogenes was said once to live in a Tub,
 But a Tenement of Blanket is such an odd Job
 For a Man of his Rank, we must study the Fact,
 Unless 'twas to mind him of the late Woollen Act.

However 'twas unkind
 In the midst of his State,
 So to trouble his Thoughts
 With th' Approaches of Fate.

For Men when advanc'd to the height of their Glory.
 Have something to dream on besides Purgatory.
 For a new Convert in Relick to be wrapt,
 To secure him from Danger, it often has happ'd ;
 But had this been such, in no story we find
 A Mayor to cut Capers like a Witch in the Wind ;

Sure there's something exceeding
 Must cause this Extream ;
 Yet if we dare take it,
 As Old Wives do Dream,

Unadvis'd mistaking between waking and sleep,
 He pounded the Parson instead of his Sheep :
 So in that cross Humour they were forc'd for to shake
 (him,

To shew him his Error as soon as they wak'd him.
 But now, to conclude, ah ! Heaven be thanked,
 The Mayor had no harm that was toss'd in a
 (Blanket.

A New Song,

HO Brother *Teague* dost hear de Decree,
 Lilli Burlero Bullen a la,
 Dat we shall have a new Debittie,
 Lilli Burlero, Bullen a la,

Lero,

.Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli Burlero Bullen a la,
 Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullien a la.
 Ho by my Shoul it is a T—t,
 Lilli, &c.
 And he will cut all de *English* T—t,
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.
 Though by my shoul de *English* do prat,
 Lilli, &c.
 De Law's on dare fide, and *Chrest* knows what,
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.
 But if Dispencc do come from de Pope,
 Lilli, &c.
 We'll hang *Magno Carto* and demselves in a Rope,
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.
 And the good T—t is made a Lord,
 Lilli, &c.
 And he with brave Lads is coming aboard,
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.
 Who! all in *France* have taken a swear,
 Lilli, &c.
 Dat day will have no Protestant h—r,
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.

O but why do's he stay behind ?

Lilli, &c.

Ho by my Shoul 'tis a Protestant VVind,

Lilli, &c.

Lero, lero, &c.

Lero, lero, &c.

Now T——l is come a-shore,

Lilli, &c.

And we shall have Commissions gillore,

Lilli, &c.

Lero, lero, &c.

Lero, lero, &c.

And he dat will not go to Mafs,

Lilli, &c.

Shall turn out and look like an Afs,

Lilli, &c.

Lero, lero, &c.

Lero, lero, &c.

Now now de Hereticks all go down,

Lilli, &c.

By Chreist and St. Patrick de Nation's our own,

Lilli, &c.

Lero, lero, &c.

Lero, lero, &c.

There is an old Prophefie found in a Bog,

Lilli, &c.

That Ireland should be rul'd by an Afs and a Dog,

Lilli, &c.

Lero, lero, &c.

And now this Prophecy is come to pass,

Lilli, &c.

For T——but's the Dog, and Tyr——nel's the Afs,

Lilli, &c.

Lero, lero, &c.

Tom Tyler ; or the Nurse.

OLD Stories of a Tyler sing,
That did attempt to be a King :
Our Age is with a Tyler grac'd,
By more preposterous Planets rais'd.
His Cap with Jocky's match'd together,
Turn'd to a Beaver and a Feather ;
His Clay transform'd to Yellow Guilt,
And Trowel to a Silver Hilt.

His Lady from the Tiles and Bricks,
Kidnap'd to Court in Coach and Six ;
Her Arms a sucking Prince embrace,
(Whate'er you think) of Royal Race :
A Prince, come in the Nick of Time
(Bless'd Dada ! 'tis a Venial Crime
That shall repeal our Breach of State,
While all the World congratulate,
Shall, like his Sire, suppress the Just,
Raise Knaves and Fools to place of Trust ;
T— s and V— e, who fought his Fate,
Tylers and Macs, two Chits of State.
But here, unhappy Babe, Alas,
I cannot but lament thy Case !
That Thou, fed up with Rome's strong Meat.
Shou'd long for Milk of Heretick Teats !
Among the Daughters was there none
Worthy to Nurse a Monarch's Son,
That Thou, in spight of all the Priests,
Shoud'ft long for Milk of Heretick Breasts ?

But

But if thy Uncle, who before
 Was always right, chang'd the last hour,
 If thy undoubted Sire, so sage,
 Declar'd i'th' Evening of his Age;
 Why shou'dst not thou, *Papist* so soon,
 Be a stanch *Protestant* e're Noon?

This said, the *Tyler* laugh'd in's Sleeve,
 And took his Audience of Leave,
 The Prince who answer'd ne're a Word,
 That he shou'd Travel did accord;
 To *Paris*, sent to learn *Grimace*,
 To Swear and Damn with a *Boon Grace*.

To the Haters of Popery,

By what Names or Titles soever dignified or distinguished.

Thus 'twas of Old: then *Israel* felt the Rod,
 When they obey'd *their Kings* and not *their God*?
 When they went *Whoring* after other *Loves*,
 To worship *Idols* in new planted *Groves*.
 They made their *Gods* of *Silver*, *Wood* and *Stone*,
 And bow'd and worshipp'd them when they had done
 And to compleat their *Sins* in every way; (say,
 They made 'em things call'd *Priests*; *Priests* did lead }
 A *Crew* of *Villains* more *Prophane* than they.
 Hence sprung that *Romish Crew*, first spawn'd in *Hell*.
 Who now in vice their *Pedagogues* excell;

Their

Their Church consists of vicious *Popes*, the rest
 Are *whoreing Nuns*, and bawdy *Bugg'ring Priests*.
 A *Noble Church*; dawb'd with Religious Paint,
 Each *Priest's* a *Stallion*, every *Rogue's* a *Saint*.
 Come you that loath *this Brood*: this murdering
 Your Predecessors well their Mercies knew. (Crew,
 Take courage now, and be both bold and wise ;
 Stand for your *Laws*, *Religion*, *Liberties*,
 You have the odds, the Law is still your own,
 They're but your *Traytors*, therefore pull them down;
 They struck with fear for to destroy your *Laws*
 There, raving mad, you see they fix their paws,
 Because from them they fear their fatal fall,
 And by them *Laws* they know you'll hang them all :
 Then keep our *Laws*, the *Penal* and the rest,
 And give your *Lives* up e'er you give the *Test*.
 And thou great *Church* of *England* hold thy own, }
 Force you they may, otherwise give up none,
Robbers & *thieves* must pay for what they've done.
 Let all thy mighty *Pillars* now appear
Zeal and *brave*, void both of *hate* and *fear*:
 That *Popish Fops* may grin, lie cheat and whine ;
 And curle their *Faith*, while all admire thine.
 And thou brave *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, and the rest,
 Great *Hough* and *Fairfax*, that durst beard the *Beast*.
 Let all the just with thanks record their name
 On standing *Pillars* of immortal fame.

Let God arise, and his Enemies perish

Pro-

Protestantism Reviv'd : or the Perse-
cuting Church Triumphant.

IN Sable Weeds I saw a Matron clad, (was sad,
Whose Looks were grave, whose Countenance
Pensive with care, she musing sate alone,
Her State too too unhappy to bemoan :
Deep bitter pangs I saw her undergo,
And pay the tributary drops of woe,
So wept *Ducalion* when he saw the State
And face of Nature chang'd and desolate.
By this dumb Elegy a while sh' exprest
The gloomy sorrows of her troubled breast.
Then heaving up her head, she silence broke,
And with a heavy sigh dejected spoke.
Good God ! what grief surrounds my aged head !
What new distracting woes I daily wed !
Who am by spiteful Foes in triumph led :
They pierce my side with wound, they break my rest,
And snatch my sucking Children from my breast :
My elder Sons inhumanely they treat,
My weaker ones they bubble with Deceit.
Thus they insult, thus put me to disgrace,
And spit their frothy Venom in my face :
My growing sorrows to compleat the more,
I'm flouted by a Babylonish Whore.
Put me to death they can't, since Heav'n decreed
I must not die, though with my Saviour bleed,
But humbly should in after-times succeed :

What

VVhat most my anxious Soul tormented hath,
Is, he that should defend, betrays my Faith.
Thus, thus abus'd, I'm to all Grievs betray'd,
Thus my Delights are double Sorrows made.
VVho e'er was curb'd by such a Concubine?
Who so perplex'd? - was ever grief like mine?

Then she bow'd down her head, and with her tears
Bedew'd the parched Earth: when streight appears
A Comforter by pitting Heaven sent
To raise her drooping Spirits almost spent:
Who when he had respectful Homage paid,
In terms obliging reverently said,

Mother, I know the cause of all thy Grief,
I'm sent thy Succour, and thy true Relief:
Thy God has heard thy Sighs, thy faithful Prayers,
And graciously receiv'd thy flowing Tears:
I'll wipe them off, I'll rugged Grief expel,
And usual Joy shall in thy Count'nance dwell:
I've made thy haughty Domineers bow,
And own their Lives they to my bounty owe:
I've foil'd them all, I have disarm'd them quite,
They have the power to bark, but not to bite.
To ease your pain, by th' God of Heav'n I'm sent,
He acts, and I'm the Honour'd Instrument.

Then she arose, Joy smiling in her Eye,
And with a cheerful Voice did thus reply:
Thanks gracious God, thanks thou Victorious Son,
By whom I have my wonted Glory won:
Rejoyce my Sons, and *Hallelujahs* sing
Unto our Saviour, our *Triumphant King*.
For I an *Anthem* will compose, and then,
We'll sweetly sound it to our God. *Amen*.

*A View of the Religion of the Town :
or a Sunday Mornings Ramble.*

ON *Saturday* night we fate late at the Rose,
Carousing a glass to our Wives Repose,
After our usual Mode ;
Till we danc so long,
That Religion came on,
For we were full of the God.

At *Pro* and *Con*
We held till One,
And then we agreed in the Close
To let Wording alone,
And Ramble the Town,
To see how Religion grows.

I I.

We began at the Church of Saint *Peter*,
Whose *Prebends* make many Mouths water,
Religion did here,
Like Grave Matron appear,
Neat, but not Gawdy, like Courtezan *Rome*,
Plain, but no Slut, like your *Geneva* Dame.
She hath on an old Stuff,
With a Primitive Ruff,
And round the Seam of her Vest,
In Musick-Notes scrawl'd all o'er,
Loyalty express'd she bore,
By which at her Church we guess'd.

III.

At the *Tombs* we did peep,
Where the Kings were asleep,
And the Choire melodiously chanted,
Without any concern,
As we could discern
Of being *Be-Quo-warranted*.
And we fancy, at the last cast (Sir)
When among the rest
They come to the *Test*,
Saint *Peter* will deny his Master.

IV.

Then shifting our *Protestant Dress*,
To the Royal Chappel we press,
Where Religion was fine indeed,
But with Facings and Fringes,
With Crossings and Cringes,
Entirely run up to Seed.
Good God, what distraction there reign'd,
Where Union in Worship was feign'd !
For I spy'd a poor Maid
Just come to the Trade,
(For I fancy she was but a Learner)
Who was but at most (Sir)
Half through *Pater-Noster*,
When the Priest was at *Amen-Corner*.

V.

Not an *Irish-mans Breeches* has half the Petitions
We saw put up there for various Conditions,
Sent to the bless'd Maid
With Care and with Speed,
And she soon had a Fellow-feeling,
For she was not far off,
But got up aloft,
Most curiously drawn on the Ceiling

By the Royal command;
 Where *Verrio's* great Hand
 (Such to the Saints is his Love)
 To the *Virgin* has given
 As glorious a Heaven,
 As that she enjoys and reigns in above.
 Whether like the Rogue drew her,
 They can tell best that knew her,
 Tho most men are apt to conjecture,
 When he drew the bless'd Maid
 (Moral Fancy to aid)
 His Mistress sat for the Picture.

V I.

Then, bidding Farewel to their Goddess and them,
 We put in at the *Savoy*, or *New Amsterdam*,
 Not to find our Religion, but to see some odd Sights
 To which Father *Corker's* Chappel invites .
 As in ours sometimes we plac'd Saints and Martyrs,
 So this Holy Room was surrounded with Traytors,
 In Halters there hung,
 Just so as they swung,
 Saint *Coleman*, and most of the Gang (Boy)
 And wa'n't it for something
 That's just next to nothing,
 Perhaps there had hung our new Envoy.

The

The Papists Exaltation, on His Highness the Prince of Orange, His Arrival in London.

Now, now, the Prince is come to Town,
The Nations Dread and Hope ;
Who will support the Church and Throne,
Against the *Turk* and *Pope*.
The Folks are fled that were the Head,
The prop of Popery,
If all be true as it's said :

Then hey Boys up go we.

The Queen with her Adopted Heir,
Is on her way to *Rome* ;
And all Undone, has left us here,
To end the Dance at home:
The Holy Fathers too are flown,
Saint *Petre Gregory*,
And if our Cause should once go down,

Then hey Boys up go we.

Sk——, Sb——, fled for fear,
Have render'd up the Keys ;
And now our Magazine of War
Is made the seat of Peace.
The Chancellor is in the *Power*,
A woful sight to see ;
And when he by the Head is lower ,
Then hey Boys up go we.

Lord A——l and B——s,

With P——s are withdrawn ;

The VVorld had not such Braves as these
To guard the Popish throne.

VVhen P—— turn'd of late,

VVith brawny S——

Their haughty Necks submit to Fate,

Then hey Boys up go we.

Poulton is in Newgate fast,

And some say Father Petre ;

If they at Tyburn Swing at last,

VVho can die Martyrs greater ;

VVhen Father Ellis is withdrawn,

VVho was so bold and free,

And Conquest for his Tongue is flown,

Then hey Boys up go we.

The Orange grafted in White-ball,

And Lucas in the Tower ;

The Fathers fled both great and small,

'Tis time that we should scowre.

The Rabble they have eas'd the Town

Of Priests and Popery ;

VVhen once they pull the Chappels down,

Then hey Boys up go we.

The Explanation.

To the Tune of, *Hey Boys up go we.*

I.

Our Priests in Holy Pilgrimage,
 Quite through the Land have gone,
 Surveying each Religious House
 Of Abbot, Fry'r, and Nun
 The yearly Rent,
 And full Extent
 Of every one they know ;
 And in whose hands
 Are all our Lands,
 As ancient Writers show.

II.

Those Places all shall be restor'd,
 As in short time you'll hear ;
 I know the Man has pass'd his word,
 Of which you need not fear :
 He did ne'er evade
 One Promise made,
 Nor fail'd a Friend in Woe;
 But when 'twill be,
 Nor I, nor he,
 Nor the Devil himself does know.

I I I.

Religious Men shall hither haste,
 Their Zeal shall make them run ;
 The Jesuits shall your Wives keep Chaste,
 Each Fry'r Confess his Nun :
 The Men shall Shrive,
 The Women —
 So all shall be forgiven ;
 Your Daughters Whore,
 Then quit their Score,
 And make them fit for Heaven.

I V.

For Lady Abbess shall appear
 An old Flux'd Bawd or Punk,
 Has done both ways these threescore years,
 Talk'd Bawdy, and been Drunk ;
 Religious Puns
 To teach the Nuns
 Committed to her Charge ;
 And mortifie
 Their L——
 As Nature does enlarge.

V.

The Vestals all shall Virgins be
 That never went astray,
 Have been train'd up Religiously
 The clean contrary way :
 In *Julian's* Song
 For Whoring long,
 Tho oft they've noted been ;
 Nature of Force
 Will have its Course,
 'Twas all but Venial Sin.

V I.

Your Colledges shall be our own,
 As vacancy does fall;
 We'll strip each Doctor of his Gown,
 The Parsons turn out all:
 Their Revenues great,
 With pleasant Seat,
 The Church to us has given,
 To sing you Mass,
 Confess each *A/s*,
 And make you fit for Heaven.

V I I.

Nor will we any longer wait,
 After such notice given;
 Nor shall they in the Pulpits prate,
 Or teach the way to Heaven:
 'Tis our Province,
 You to convince;
 Our *Arguments* shall be,
 Without Dispute
 To make you mute,
 Then, Hey Boys, up go we.

V I I I.

Now, Hereticks, consider well
 The Game you have to play;
 You yet may keep on this side Hell,
 If warn'd by what we say:
 But e'er your Lands
 Shall 'scape our hands,
 Which have been long our due;
 We'll Stab, we'll Shoot,
 And Damn to boot,
 Then, Hey Boys, up go you.

*A New Song on the Prince and Princess
of Orange.*

I.

Since *Orange* is on Brittish Land,
That Protestant who will not stand
To him, and under his Command,
Befriends the Romish Cause,
Gives all our Liberties away,
Our Lives to Popish Priests a prey,
And *Magna Charta* does betray
The Test and Penal Laws.

II.

Bid too Illustrious *Moll* appear,
We sha'n't have then more cause to fear;
From any Jesuit practice here,
The Lawful Heir to cheat.
Then to her Highness a full Glass,
The Second Faith-defending Lass,
And to her Good Man : but the Mass
Let Providence defeat.

Tyr.

Tyrconnel's *distracted Readings upon his Irish Forces in England. In Allusion to Mr. Cowley's Pindarick Ode upon destiny.* Hoc quoque fatale est sic ipsum expendere fatum. *Manil.*

I.

1. *Strange and unnatural*, let's stay and see
This *Pageant of a Prodigy.*
2. Lo, of themselves, *Dear Foyes*, like *Chefs-men* move;
Lo, the unbred, ill-contriv'd *Machins* prove
As full of *Craft* and *Cruelty*,
Of *Baseness* and of *Butchery*,
As we our self, who fear'd they wa'n't so fierce as we
Here a proud *Pawn* in *Irish* shape I admire,
That still designing higher,
3. (Till the Fool lost his *Lot*
By blabbing out their *Plot*,
Foretelling the design'd *St. Clements* flood
He hoped to see run with *Heretick Blood.*
4. For which *twice Whipt*, that done,
And's *Gauntlet Race* begun)
At the *Goal* end became
5. Another *Thing* and *Name*:
6. Here I'm amaz'd at the actions of a *Knight*,
That does bold *Plunders* in no *Fight*;
Whose *Landlords* swear he has lost his *Senses* quite;
For he can't hear their *Wrongs*, nor see to do them
7. Here I, (woe's me) *Usurping Rooks* do blame, (Right.
For those false *Moves*, that thus has broke our *Game*;
That

That to their Grave the Bag, those Conquer'd Ma-
 (chines bring,
 But above all, th' ill Conduct of the Mated King.

I I.

What e'er these seem, what e'er Philosophy
 And Sense and Reason tell, said I,
 These Tools have Life, Election, Liberty,
 'Tis their own Native Wisdom Molds their State ;
 Their Wit and Folly make their Fate,
 They do, they do, said I, but strait,
 Lo, from my enlightned Eyes, the Mists and Shadows
 (fell,

Which hinder Spirits from being Visible ;
 1. And then appear'd the Locusts come from Hell ;
 When Lo, I see the Jesuits play'd the Mate.
 With them, alas ! no otherwise it proves ;
 An unseen Hand makes all their Moves ;
 And some are Great, and some are Small,
 Some climb from good, some from good Fortune fall ;
 Those senceless Teagues, and these Dear Joys we call
 Figures, alas, of Speech, for Pop'ry plays us all.

I I I.

Me from the Womb, Midwife Pope Joan did take ;
 She cut my Navel, Wash'd me, and my Head
 With her own Hands she Fashioned ;
 She did a Covenant with me make,
 And Circumciz'd my tender Soul, and thus she spake :
 Thou Bigot of my Roman Church shall be ;
 Hate and Renounce (said she)
 Sense, Reason, Laws and Test, Justice and Truth for me.
 So shalt thou great at Court be, but in War
 1. Thy flight from Dublin Gallows will thee bar.

Boast thou of thy great fertile *Praise*,
 Thy design'd *Massacre* will raise,
 Although thou liv'st not to enjoy the *Bays*.
 She spoke, and all my years to come
 Bewitch'd took their unlucky *Doom*.
 Their several ways of *Life* let others chuse;
 Their several Pleasures let them use:
 But I was Born for *Hate* and to *Abuse*.

IV.

With *Fate* what boots it to contend?
 Such I *begun*, such *am*, and so must *end*;
 The *Star* that did my *Being* frame,
 Was but a *Lambent Flame*.
 And some small *Light* it did dispence,
 But neither *Wit* nor *Sense*,
 Nor *Heat*, nor *Influence*.
 No matter *Talbot*, let the *Blind Goddess* see
 How *Grateful* thou can'st be,
 For all her *Elegible Gifts* conferr'd on thee,
 (*Specifick Essences of Popery*)
 As *Folly*, *Lust* and *Flattery*,
Fraud, *Extortion*, *Calumny*,
Murther, *Self-will* and *Infidelity*,
Cowardise and *Hypocrisy*.
 Do thou *Rejoyce*, not *Blush* to be,
 As all th' *Inspir'd Disingenuous Men*,
 1. And all thy *Damn'd Fore-Fathers* were, from
 (*Martell* down to *Pen*.

Notes on the First Stanza.

1. *Strange and Unnatural.* It's as Strange that England should want Ireland, as it is Unnatural for her War-like Spirits to brook their Infantry's Assistance.
2. *Themselves.* By their Barbarous, Thievish, and Rapacious Behaviors, where ever they Marched, one would think, they had no Officer to Command them.
3. A Dear Joy twice Whipt in *Covent-Garden*, for saying he hoped to see the Streets run with *Heresical Blood* on *St. Clement's Day* at Night, when, it seems, the Massacre was designed to be.
4. *Viz.* For discovering the Plot ; not for the Words speaking, as the gulled Protestants were made to believe.
5. *Another Thing and Name, Viz.* The Irish Gentleman Souldier by Father *Whip* and *Gauntlet*, was immediately Transubstantiated into a Casheired Scoundrel Rogue.
6. An Irish Spark, whose behaviour in his sundry Quarters from *Chester* to *London* and *Portsmouth* proclaim him.
7. *Usurping Rooks, i. e.* The Irish Priests, not content with their own natural Motions, but endeavoured to leap over the *Bishops Heads*, to make Vacancies for their own Perswasion.

Notes on the Second Stanza.

1. **L** *Ocufst.* It was the Opinion of that Reverend Divine Mr. *Joseph Mead*, and that Immortal Philosopher Dr. *Henry Moor*, that the *Jesuits* are meant by the *Locusts* from the Bottomless Pit, in the 9th Chapter of the *Revelations*.

Notes on the Third Stanza.

1. **W**hen *Jepson*, *Wareing*, and *Tomson*, were Executed at the Gallows at *Dublin* for *Blood's* Plot against the late Duke of *Ormond*, in the year 1663. some people cryed out *a Rescue, a Rescue*, which was suspected; at which 10000 of the gentle Spectators at least, run away from the Gallows, amongst which this Famous Warrior by the name of Colonel *T — bot*, spurred on to the Gates of the City, which finding shut against him, Courageously ventured his Life to save it, by Swimming over the *Liffie*.

Notes of the Fourth Stanza.

1. **C**harles Martell, Son of the Whore *Alpayde*, (by *Pipin* the French King) the Great Church Robber; and first violater of *Tythes* in the Christien World, and *Will. Pen* the Second: For which Martell was Damn'd, or the Legend Lies: For *Eucherie*

rie Bishop of *Orleance*, in a Vision, saw him in *Hell* Torments : And that *Eucherie* might believe what he saw, an Angel instructed him to seek for *Martell* in his Sepulchre, which he did, but found him not, but the Place all black, and instead of *Martell* a direful Serpent, as you have it in the Annals of *Orleance*.

A New Protestant Litany.

FROM the Race of *Ignatius*, and all their Col-
 (leagues,
 From all the long Counsels of *Bougres* and *Teagues*,
 And from Papacy Rampant, and all her Intreagues,
Libra Nos, &c.
 From Cobweb Laun-Charters, from sham-freedom
 (Banters,
 Our Liberty keepers, and New-Gospel-Planters,
 In the trusty kind hands of our great *Quo Warranters*,
Libera Nos, &c.
 From High Court Commissions, to *Rome* to Rejoyn us,
 From a *Radamanth* Chanc'lor, the Western Judge
 (*Minos*,
 Made Head of the Church by new *Jure Divino's*,
Libera Nos, &c.
 From our great *Test* Records, cut out into Thrums,
 From Waste Paper *Law*, us'd with Pasties and Plums,
Magna Charta, Magna Farta, made Fodder for Burns,
Libera Nos, &c.

From

Miscellany P O E M S. 81

From a new-found *Stone-Doublet* to th' old Sleeves
(of *Laun*,

And all to make room for the Pope-Lander Spawn;
To see a Babe Born, through Bed-Curtains *Clofe*
(*Drawn*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From resolving o'er Night, where to Lye-in to
(*Morrow*,
And from cunning *Back-door* to let Midwife
(thorough,

Eight Months *Full grown* Man-Child, Born without
(Pang or Sorrow,
Libera Nos, &c.

From a Godfather Pope to the Heir of a Throne;
From three Christian Names to one Sur-name un-
(known,

With a *Tyler* Milch-Nurse, now the Mothers Milk's
(gone,
Libera Nos, &c.

From *Gun-Powder Bonfires*, all turn'd out of play,
Nota poor Window Candle dare to give a stoln Ray,
But all kept reserv'd for Great *Simmel's* Birth Day,
Libera Nos, &c.

From Dad *Petre's* Pilots at th' Helm to befriend us,
With all hands that Pope, Turk, or Devil can lend us,
And all for a Second *Queen Bess* to defend us,
Libera Nos, &c.

From *Nuntio's* from *Rome* to consult how to drub
The Protestant *Hydra* by our *Hercules Club*;
And a *Warming-pan Plot*, worse than *Celliers Meal-Tub*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From old hundred of thousand Pound Fines under-
 (rated,
Russel's Head for his Common House Votes elevated,
 And *Essex's* Razor at *Rome* Consecrated,

Libera Nos, &c.
 From *Sampson's* Cord Oaths, snapt asunder with ease ;
 From *No Faith in Man*, *Coleman's* Mouth with a
 (squeeze
 Stop'd to tell no more Tales of Father *Le Chese*,

Libera Nos, &c.
 From old *Dunkirk* sold for a Song and a Dance,
 The Protestant long design'd Cause to Advance,
 By Most Christian Reformers, the Dragoons of *France*,

Libera Nos, &c.
 From supporting our Church *Alamode Magdalano*,
 From *Mabomet Monsieur* our new Lord *Soldano*,
 And the English Pipes tun'd to French *Fistula in ano*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From *Tyrconnel's* Bog-trotters at th' old Trade of
 (Throat-cutting,
 From new Conqu'ring *Ireland* for the th' English old
 (footing,

And from Sacrament Oaths of *North Heresie* rooting,
Libera Nos, &c.

From Judges with *Empson* and *Dudley's* Infection,
 From Knaves in Fools Coats, by *Infallible* Direction,
 Raising Heretick Armies for the Roman Protection,
Libera Nos, &c.

From threescore thousand Crowns, under Planet
 (malignant,
 Given *Loresto's* great Lady, that famous Heav'n Reg-
 (nant,

To purchase no more than a poor *Cushion Pregnant*,
Libera Nos, &c.
 From

Miscellany P O E M S. 83

From a Courage of Steel with Intellectuals Leaden,
From Renouncing Three Crowns, and all for God-
(Breden,
To follow the Dance of *Christiana* of Sweden,
Libera Nos, &c.
From giving our Parliament Writs a withdraw,
Our last Game for preventing of *Justice* and Law,
In hopes of Concealing our dear *Clowen* Paw,
Libera Nos, &c.

A New Litany for the Holy Time of
L E N T.

I.

From all the Women We have whor'd
From being bound to keep Our Word,
From Civil Broils and Foreign Sword,
Libera nos Domine.

II.

From store of Ships and want of Men,
From leaping into the Lyons Den,
From a *Dutch*-War, and *Burnet's* Pen,
Libera nos, &c.

III.

From Bombs of *France*, and Bulls of *Rome*,
From being Hen-peck'd worse at Home,
From *D.——* insatiate Womb,
Libera nos, &c.

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I V.

From Toleration and such Nonsense,
From granting Liberty of Conscience
To Hereticks, against their own Sense,
Libera nos, &c.

V.

From hopes we shall Dissenters bring
To Union with a Popish King,
And P — n, that manag'd the whole thing,
Libera nos, &c.

V I.

From standing of our Slaves in dread,
From being by the Priesthood led
From *English*-Limbs, to a *Roman*-Head,
Libera nos, &c.

V I I.

From *Oxford*, faithful to his Trust,
From being to Our Promise just,
From M — Pride to his VVive's Lust,
Libera nos, &c.

V I I I.

From *Somerſet* and haughty *Lory*,
That would Eclipse our *Roman* Glory,
And make a Jest of *Purgatory*,
Libera nos, &c.

I X.

From Parliaments that dare oppose,
And lead their Sovereign by the Nose,
And from the Sanguinary Laws,
Libera nos, &c.

X.

From such as will not do their best
To take off Penal-Laws and Test:
From *Stamford*, *Grey*, and all the rest,
Libera nos, &c.

X I.

VVe humble do beseech thee Lord,
That we may Govern by the Sword,
And *Berwick* know no other VVord,
Quæsimus te audire nos Domine.

X I I.

That it may please while we do Reign,
VVhatever Neighbour Rules the Main,
To make us great in our Campaign,
Quæsimus te, &c.

X I I I.

That it may be enough for these,
VVhile others Towns and Castles seize,
To storm 'em here in Effigies,
Quæsimus te, &c.

X I V.

That they may feast and make a Noise,
And with their Volleys rend the Skies,
Against a flock of Butter-flies,
Quæsimus te, &c.

X V.

That it may please thee to repair
Lord P——is, who is in despair,
And furnish *England* with an Heir,
Quæsimus te, &c.

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X V I.

That it may be a Prince of *Wales*,
And if the Smock and *Dada* fails,
Adopt a Brat of *Neddy H—*,

Quæsimus te, &c.

X V I I.

That it may prove its Fathers Hope,
Restore the Nuncio and the Pope,
And save Old *Petre* from the Rope,

Quæsimus te, &c.

X V I I I.

That we with Members may be bless'd,
In such a Parliament possess'd,
As shall Annul the Bloody Test,

Quæsimus te, &c.

X I X.

That we have time before we dye
To settle Church and Popery,
That Father *Condon* may not fly,

Quæsimus te, &c.

Grant we never cross the Main,
To be a Geneal for *Spain*,
And never see *Breda* again,

Quæsimus te, &c.

The Council.

To the Tune of, *Jamaica.*

I.

TWO *Toms* and *Nat*,
In Council sat,
To rigg out a Thansgiving,
And make a Prayer,
For a thing in the Air,
That's neither Dead nor Living.

II.

The Dame of *East*
As 'tis Express'd,
In her late quaint Epistle,
Did to our Lady,
Bequeath the Baby,
With Coral, Bells and Whistle.

III.

With this intent, she to her sent
Her Gold and Diamond Bodkin,
That to conceive,
She might have leave ;
And is not this an odd thing ?

IV.

Then a Pot of Ale,
To the Prince of *Wales*,
Tho some are of Opinion,
That when 'tis come out,
A Double Clout
Will cover his Dominion.

The Audience.

TH E Criticks that pretend to Sense,
 Do cavil at the Audience,
 As if his Grace were not as good,
 To bow to, as a piece of Wood.
 Did not our Fathers heretofore
 Their senseless Deities adore ?
 Did not Old *Delphos* all along
 Vent Oracles without a Tongue ?
 And wisest Monarchs did importune
 From the dumb God to know their Fortune,
 Did not the Speaking-Head of late,
 Of matters Learnedly Debate ?
 And rendred without Tongue or Ears
 Wise answers to his whispering Peers ?
 And shall we to a living Prince
 Deny the State of Audience ?
 What tho the Eantling cannot speak ?
 Yet like the Blockhead he may squeak ;
 Give Audience by Interpreter,
 The wisest Prince can do no more.

Then enter with a Princes Banner
 Sir *Charles*, after the usual manner.
 Great Sir, *His Holiness* from Rome
 Greets your high Birth. The Prince cry'd Mum.
 The Consecrated Pilch and Clout,
 If you'll vouchsafe to hear me out,
 And many other Toys I'm come
 To lay them to your sacred Bum.

Great

So young, yet such a Godlike Ray !
Phæbus, your *Dad*, was Priest D——a,
 Great Prince, I have no more to say.
 Conducted next their comes, *Great Sir*,
 An *Envoy* from the *Emperor*,
 To Gratulate your lucky *Fate*,
 That gives to *Englands* Throne new date;
 We joy that any thing should Reign,
 To baffle *Orange* and the *Dane*.
 The Youth, to see them thus beguil'd,
 In token of his favour, smil'd.
 But at the *Spaniard* laugh'd outright.
 As sham'd again in *Eighty Eight*.
 Next, having pass'd the inward Centry,
 The doubtful *Monsieur* made his entry.
 The *King*, my *Master*, *Sir*, has sent
 Your *Royal Birth* to complement;
 If you will make it but appear,
 That you are *Englands* Lawful Heir.
 Here Lady P—— is took him short,
 Have you a King? Thank Maz'rine for't!
 Fr.man] *Whoe're the Father was, the Mother*
Was France's Q. (P— is) Who questions t'other?
 At this Reproof he pawn'd a Purse,
 And parting made his peace with Nurse.
 The *Dane*, the *Suede*, with other Nations,
 Come in with loud Congratulations.
 Upon the *Suede* so fam'd for Battel,
 He cast a frown, and shook his Rattle.
 And for the *Dane*, who took the part
 Of good Prince *George*, he let a fart.
 This put him in a sullen fit,
 Nurse scarce could dance him out of it.
 VVhen an *Embassador* from *Poland*,
 Knock'd at the Door, and *Velt* from *Holland*,

He

He crying suck'd, and sucking cry'd,
 VVhen Lady Governess reply'd,
 Peace, Prince, peace, Prince, peace, pretty Prince
 And let the States have Audience.
 Dutch-man.] *From Holland I am bither sent,*
To Challenge, not to Complement.
Prepare with speed your Twenty Sail,
Your twice four thousand on the Nail ;
Which by your Senate was enacted,
With Orange, when your Sire contracted.
 The Name of *Holland* did affright,
 And make th'young Hero scream outright.
 But, *Orange* nam'd, the Royal Elf,
 The sweet, sweet Babe, beshit himself.
Tyrconnel, who came o're no less
 Than to be made his Governess,
 To take her leave, by luck came in,
 She suck'd his Nose, and lick'd him clean.
 Last came the Lady *H*— from Play,
 Mov'd by Instinct he cry'd, *Mamma*,
 And posted to the Queen away. }

The

*The States-Man's Almanack : Being
an Excellent New Ballad, in which
the Qualities of each Month are con-
sider'd; whereby it appears, that a
Parliament cannot meet in any of the
Old Months: With a Proposal for
mending the Kalender, humbly of-
fered to the Packers of the next
Parliament.*

To the Tune of, *Cold and Raw, &c.*

P R O L O G U E.

THE talk up and down,
In Country and Town,
Has been long of Parliaments fitting,
But we'll make it clear,
Ne'r a month in the Year,
Is proper for such a Meeting.

I I.

The Judges declare it,
The Ministers swear it,
And the Town as a Tale receives it;
Let them say what they can,
There's never a Man,
Except God's Vicegerent, believes it.

III.

III.

If the Criticks in-spight,
 Our Arguments slight,
 And think 'em too light for the Master :
 It has often been known,
 That Men on a Throne,
 Have Hrrang'd the whole Realm with no better.

I V.

For in times of Old,
 When Kings were less bold
 And made for their faults Excuses :
 Such Topicks as these,
 The Commons to please,
 Did serve for most Excellent Uses.

V.

Either *Christmas* came on,
 Or Harvest begun,
 And all must repair to their Station:
 'Twas too Dry, or too Wet,
 For the Houses to Sit,
 And Hey for a Prorogation.

VI.

Then, Sir, if you please,
 With such Reasous as these,
 Let's see how each Moon is appointed :
 For tho it be strange,
 In all her Change,
 She Favours not God's Anointed.

The

The ALMANACK.

January.

I.

THE first is too cold,
For Popery to hold,
Since Southern Climats Improve it;
And therefore in Frost,
'Tis Odds but it's lost,
If they offer to remove it.

February.

I I.

The next do's betide,
(Tho then the King dy'd)
Ill luck, and they must not be tampring :
For had not Providence quick,
Cool'd his Head i'th' Nick,
'Fore God they were all a scampring.

March.

I I I.

The Month of Old Rome,
Has an Omen with some ,
But the sleeping Wind then Rouzes,
And trust not the crowd,
When Storms are so loud,
Lest their Breath infect the Houses.

April.

I V.

In this by Mishap,
Southask had a Clap,
Which pepper'd our Gracious Master :
And therefore i'th' Spring,
He must Physick his Thing,
And venture no new Disaster.

May.

V.

This Month is too good,
And too lusty his Blood,

To

To be for Business at leisure,
 With his Confessors leave,
 Honest *Bridget* may give,
 The Fumbler Royal his Pleasure.

June. V I.

The Brains of the State,
 Have been too hot of late,
 They have manag'd all Business in rapture :
 And to call us in *June*,
 Is much to the same Tune,
 Being mad to the end of the Chapter:

July. V II.

This Season was made
 For Camp and Parade,
 Where with the Expence of his Treasures;
 Of much Sweat and Pains,
 Discreetly he Trains,
 Such Men, as will break all his Measures;

August. V III:

This Month did advance
 Our Projects in *France*,
 As *Bartholomew* Remembers;
 But alas they want force,
 To take the same Course,
 With our Heretical Members.

September. I X:

They cannot now meet,
 For the Progress was set,
 But they find it a scurvy Fashion :
 To ride, and to ride,
 To be snubb'd and deny'd,
 By every good man in the Nation.

October. X:

Now Hunting comes in,
 That License for Sin,

That do's with a Cloak befriend him,
For if the Queen knows,
What at G——'s he do's,
His Divine Right can hardly defend him.

November.

XI.

November might do,
For ought that we know :
But that the King promis'd by chance Sirs,
And his Word before,
Was pawn'd for much more,
Than ere 'twill be able to Answer.

December.

XII.

The last of the year,
Resemblance does bear,
To their hopes and fortune declining :
Ne'r hope for success,
Day grows less and less,
And the Sun once so high has done shining.

EPILOGUE.

YOU Gypsies of Rome,
That run up and down,
And with Miracles People Cozen :
By the help of some Saint,
Get the Month that you want,
And make Thirteen of the Dozen

II.

You see the Old year,
Wont help ye, 'tis clear,
And therefore to save your Honour :

Get

Get a new Sun and Monn,
And the Work is half done,
And Faith I think not sooner

*The State-Holder : Or, the Prince's
Almanack, Calculated for the Meri-
dian of London, and Calling of a
Protestant Parliament ; being a
Counterpart of the States-Man's Al-
manack.*

P R O L O G U E.

I.

TH E Talk about went,
That a Free Parliament,
Should never more Sit in this Nation :
But I'll make it clear,
There's no Month in the year,
But is proper on this occasion.

II.

Tho some did deceive us,
You may now believe us,
Since the Royal Assent made his *Exit* :
Say what e'er you can,
There's never a man,
cepting Lord *Wem* that suspects it.

III.

III.

If the Graves of the Laws,
Our Topicks oppose,
We'll prove 'tis the Sense of the Nation;
The readiest way,
To make the Slaves pay,
For their Nibbling with Dispensation.

IV.

In times on Record,
When Kings kept their Word,
And people were in their Senses:
So poor an Excuse,
Was such an Abuse,
No Monarch e'er made such Pretences,

V.

The King is withdrawn,
The Prince come to Town,
The timely Redeemer o'th' Nation:
The Lords are all Set,
And the old Members met,
Then hey ! for a Convocation.

VI.

For tho to our loss,
Things ever went cross,
Whilst Petre was chief Director:
There is not a Sun,
Or a Change in the Moon,
But favours our Great Protector.

The A L M A N A C K.

January.

I.

THO the First be too cold,
 For Popery to hold,
 Yet fear not a Dissolution :
 For tho it be Frost,
 And the Jesuits Crost,
 It agrees with a *Dutch* Constitution.

February.

II.

Though next came a thing,
 Brought Popery in,
 With all the fine Relicks and Crosses;
 Tho then the King dy'd,
 We have One on our side,
 This Month will repair all our Losses.

March.

III.

The Month of Old *Rome*,
 Will bring 'em all home,
 The Authors of all our Evil ;
 This Month the Wind blows,
 And the Breath of the House
 Will send 'em all going to the Devil.

April.

IV.

In this the Old Whore
 Of *Babel* came o're,
 Which was a sore Clap to the Nation ;
 And therefore i'th' Spring,
 We must manage the thing,
 To make a full Reformation.

May

May.

V.

The Prince is too good,
And too near to the Blood,
To allow to the House any leisure ;
The Lords and High Powers,
Must gather new Flowers,
To stock the Exhausted Treasure.

June.

VI.

This Month brought in Grist,
To the Hot-headed Priest,
Who over-rul'd the Ruler,
And therefore the House,
By way of a Doze,
Must sit to prepare 'em a Cooler.

July.

VII.

This Month of late made,
For Camp and Parade,
In which were exhausted our Treasures,
Will better be spent
By a wise Parliament,
Enacting and making new Measures.

August.

VIII.

This finished a League,
With Monsieur and Teague,
For a total Extirpation
Of the Hereticks Cause :
And therefore the House
Must sit to Establish the Nation.

September.

IX.

The Colleges fool'd,
This month over-rul'd,
And therefore each Protestant Member,
Must sit and Debate,
Of matters of State,
To set all things right in September.

October.

X.

This Season was spent,
 By *Burton* and *Brent*,
 To manage each Corporation;
 And therefore 'tis fit,
 The Houses should sit,
 To Vote it a Combination.

November.

XI:

Above all the rest,
 Will be in request,
 The Auspicious Month of *November*;
 When *Orange* our Cause,
 Restored with the Laws,
 Recorded by every Member.

December.

XII.

Tho this be the last,
 And all danger past,
 Yet are we resolv'd every Member,
 Both Common and Peer,
 To sit all the Year,
 From *January* to *December*.

E P I L O G U E.

YOU Gypsies of *Rome*,
 That hence are withdrawn,
 In the Name of the State, we beseech you,
 To the dozen before,
 Find out a Month more,
 And we'll sit out that month to oblige you.

II. You

II.

You see ne're a close
Does favour your Cause,
Since *England's* so well protected :
When there's no more Moon,
You may sit on this Throne ;
For sooner you cannot expect it.

The ORANGE.

I.

GOOD People I pray,
Throw the *Orange* away,
'Tis a very sowre Fruit, and was first brought in play,
When good *Judith Wilk*,
In her Pocket brought Milk,
And with Cushins and Warming-pans labour'd to bilk
This same Orange.

II.

When the Army retreats,
And the Parliament sits,
To Vote our K — the true use of his Wits :
Twill be a sad means,
VWhen all he obtains,
Is to have his Calves-head dress'd with other mens
(Brains
And an Orange?

III.

The sins of his Youth,
Made him think of one Truth,
VVhen he spawl'd from his Lungs, and bled twice at
(the mouth,
That your fresh sort of food,
Does his Carkas more good,
And the damn'd thing that Cur'd his putrify'd blood
Was an Orange.

IV.

This hopeful young Son,
Is surely his own,
Because from an O—— it cry'd to be gone ;
But the Hereticks say,
He was got by D——
For neither K—— nor the Nuncio dare stay
Near an Orange.

V.

Since *Lewis* was Cut,
From his Breech to the Gut,
France fancies an Open-arse delicate Fruit ;
We wiser than so,
Have two strings to our Bow,
For we've a good — that's an Open-arse too,
And an Orange.

V I.

Till Nanny writ much,
To the Rebels the D——
Her Mother, good Woman, ne'r ow'd her a grutch,
And the box of the Ear,
Made the matter appear,
That the only foul favour the Q--- could not bear
Was an Orange.

VII.

VII.

An honest Old Peer,
That forsook God last year,
Pull'd off all his Plaisters, and Arm'd for the War;
But his Arms would not do,
And his Aches throbb'd too,
That he wish'd his own Pox and his M---s too

On an Orange.

VIII.

Old *Tyburn* must groan,
For *Jeffreys* is known
To have Perjur'd his Conscience to marry his Son;
And D---s Cause
Will be try'd by Just Laws,
And H-----t must taste a most damnable Sauce,

With an Orange.

IX.

Lob, Pen, and a score
Of those honest men more,
VWill find this same Orange exceedingly sowre;
The Q--- to be seiz'd,
VWill be very ill pleas'd,
And so will K. P---, too dry to be squeez'd

By an Orange

An Epistle to Mr. Dryden.

Dryden, thy VVit has catterwaul'd too long,
Now *Lero, Lero*, is the only Song.
VWhat Singing, Dancing, Interludes of late,
Stuff, and set off our goodly Farce of *State*?
Not *Albevil* can turn a deep Intrigue,
Till first well wadm'd with Bishop *Talgot's* Jigg.

H 4

W--- m

W—*m* cannot sleep, or if a Nap he takes,
 His Dream some Old *Tressilian* Ballad breaks.
 But was e'er seen the like, in Prose or Metre,
 To this mad Play, or work of Father *Petre*?
 At Court no longer Punchionello takes,
 Each Scene, Part, Cue, mishapen to the *Mac*'s.
 Such Plot, and the Catastrophe is such,
 We must be either *Irish* all, or *Dutch*.
 Our very Judges in *Westminster-Hall*,
 Like their Old Roof, were *Irish* Timber all.
 And (bless us!) *Irish* Wolves are brought to keep
 The Nation, grown now all such silly Sheep;
 Such errant Asses, errant Cattle made,
 Or to be yok'd, or saddl'd, fleec'd, or lead.
 O Martyrs Son! thy destiny is shown,
 Such props are for a Scaffold, not a Throne:
 So *Juno*, in her impotence of rage,
 By Heaven deny'd, did Hell's black Powers engage;
 Yet sped the Heroe: *Jove* and Fate were strong;
 Religious care: He took his Gods along:
 But hark, O hark, the *Belgick* Lion roars,
 And shakes afar the *French* and *British* Shoars:
 One Brandy drinks, one mad with Prophecies:
 Lord! what they tell us of some Prince from *Frize*;
 Arms, and the Man they sing, no *French* fincs,
 But hearty blows, and *Brandenburg* Address.
 Hence Vigour, and our Figure comes agen,
 We rise, and walk, all true erected men.
 The force of those *Circæan* Cups subdu'd,
 And the wild Charms our new *Armida* brew'd,
 The Witchcraft he (our true *Rinaldo*) broke,
 And grubs the base pretenders to his stock.

But oh, what Spirit of deceit afar,
 Possess'd our Pulpits, and bewitch'd the Bar?

What

What Bane, what Mischief on poor Mortals shed
By Vermin, from the Law's corruption bred ?
Tho to their *Irish* Roof no Cobwebs cleave,
Below what strife and endless toyls they weave :
Wanting brave strength to strangle men to death,
What Frauds they hide ! What Venom underneath !
And when some shorter course to Murder's shown,
Cry, O that (luscious) Point ! they gain'd the Crown.

Sons of the Pulpit the same measures keep,
And of that same stumm'd Cup have drunk as deep.
Agog for some odd transubstantiate thing,
Chimera Reign, or Metaphysick King,
Sublim'd to School Divinity extreams,
Their Brains would crow with Patriarchal Dreams.
So high from solid honest wisdom blown,
They'd have some *Hippo-Centaur* on the Throne.
Not Law-ordain'd, but by some God appointed,
Not Lay-elected, but be Priest-anointed.
Away this Goblin Witchcraft, Priestcraft-Prince ;
Give us a King, Divine, by Law and Sense.

Now Bar and Pulpit to Dragoons a sport,
Their Cause is carried to the last Effort.
Princes in more compendious method teach,
Force is their way ; let Old Apostles Preach.
What's stablish'd Law, where standing Armies come,
Or who'll talk Gospel to a Kettle-Drum ?
When God would hear, where Giants did oppress,
The several Nations had their *Hercules*.
So were the Horns of grizly violence broke,
So people freed from triple *Geryon's* yoke.
The various Snake in *Lerna-Lough* that bred,
That loll'd and hiss'd to Death, at every head,
Nemean Lion, *Erymanthian* Boar,
In Bogs that wallow, and on Hills that roar :

Ali by his Godlike Prowess done away,
 Their Lawless Rule, and that Gigantick sway.
 In vain whilst this high Virtue Nations fought,
 The *Nassau-House* were never yet without.
 Nor is confin'd to *Provinces* their care,
 Their generous *labour* neighbouring *Kingdoms* share.
 Here the foul Herd flee from his list'd hand,
 That long had made a *Stable* of the Land.
 The Monster of the Lough, new *Lerna-Plague*
 (But scarce in head) the Bog-begotten *Teagne*,
 The ravenous kind, the Harpies sharp for prey,
 With Birds obscene, and uncouth to the day.
 No Den, no Ditch, no rousting for them more,
 Now, now is come our *Hercules* ashore.
 Vile *Fraud* dispell'd, and superstitious Mists :
 He from our *Temple* drives all Knaves and Priests.
 Then warmer *W— op*, in due Scarlet shown,
 To *Coffee-Dick* bequeaths his rusty Gown.
 Oh *Dryden*, if this *Hercules* were thine,
 •How wou'd his Club, and *Atlas*-shoulders shine :
 How wou'dst thou all our Maids of Honour fright,
 With naughty Tale, of *Fifty* in a Night ?
 Howe'er, no more let *Xavier* mar thy Pen,
 No Miracle to forty thousand men.
 When Law, and bald Divinity begins,
 Why then, the marvel that a Poet fins ?

A Sale of Old State Household-Stuff.

To the Tune of, *Old Simon the King.*

I.

THE Government being resolv'd
To new furnish the House of State,
Hath thought fitting to put off the old,
That was rusty and worn out of date.
Then come all you State-Brokers away,
And take off our old fashion'd trinkoms,
You for a small matter may buy
What cost the price of three Kingdoms.

Quoth J — the Bigotted K —

Quoth J — the Politick thing,

With a thred-bare Oath,

And a Catholick Troth,

That never was worth a farthing.

II.

Here's (what was to cleanse Church and State)

The Beefom of Reformation,
Brought in by *Henry* the Eighth,
And *Besses* grave Convocation.

Here are diverse Conformity Acts,

The Penal Laws and all,
With a parcel of over-rul'd Statutes,
Kick'd out of *Westminster-Hall*.

Quoth J —, &c.

III.

III.

Come buy the old Tapistry Hangings,
Which hung in the House of Lords,
That kept the *Spanish* Invasion,
And Powder-plot, on Record;
A musty old *Magna Charta*,
That wants new scowring and cleansing,
Writ so long since, and so dark too,
That 'tis hard to pick out the meaning;

Quoth J——, &c.

IV.

Here's a Pack of nasty Court Cards,
Much foul'd with over playing;
Condemn'd to the Fields of *Tom T——d*,
For they never were worth the buying;
A pitiful tatter'd *Scotch* League,
Swallow'd meerly to trepan men,
Took by the late King in Intrigue,
And afterwards burnt by the Hangman:

Quoth J——, &c.

V.

Three Protestant Vizors much worn,
And in use since the days of *Queen Bess*,
Which now we have laid by with scorn,
Being resolv'd to appear with bare face.
Come buy a thing brought from *Breda*,
Call'd a Royal Declaration,
Which of late we have copied at large,
Having promis'd to keep up the fashion

Of old Simon the King,

Quoth J——, &c.

V I.

A parcel of *Conge d' esliers*,
By Heretick Bishops own'd,
The reward of the old Cavaliers;
For their Loyalty to the Crown.
Here's your Corporation Charters,
And University Regulations,
For all which as cheap you may barter,
As Cucumbers in the Vacation.

Quoth J —, &c.

V I I.

Here's a Crew of Exclusion Abhorrrers,
And a litter of Loyal Addressors,
Who'd have run to the Devil for us,
When they Bully'd for *Popish* Successors.
But now they are down in the mouth,
Their Damning and Healing forsakes 'em,
If you think them not a penny-worth
For fetching, the Devil may take them.

Quoth J —, &c.

V I I I.

Here's a Tribe of mad Pulpiteers,
That still for Right Line were trimming,
We'll exchange them for Bandileers,
And leave them to *Urim* and *Tbummim*.
Here's a Cart Load of Observators,
That were writ in Defence of the Church,
By *Hodge* that Eternal Prater,
Whose Quill is now left in the lurch.

Quoth J —, &c.

I X.

Will you buy any *Protestant* Places,
In Army, or where you think best Sir?
Those that think to keep them are Asses,
When once we are rid of the Test Sir.

And

And thus I will end my Sale,
 With a Bar to either House,
 If we get but over it well,
 For the rest I care not a Lowse.
Quoth J—, &c.

The D R E A M.

WEary'd with Business, and with Cares oppress'd,
 My faculties were Doz'd and fond of rest,
 An unusual heaviness did on me creep,
 My Soul Indulg'd it; yet I could not sleep.
 Dreams short and frightful vex't me all the Night,
 I found I was betray'd, and long'd for Light;
 The first such Wonders brought within my view,
 And when I wak'd I almost thought them true.
 Methought I saw great *Julius* sadly lye
 Bleeding from all his Wounds, and *Brutus* by.
 The ungrateful *Brutus* which he doted on,
 With *Meager Cassius* pleas'd with what he had done,
 Crying, the World and *Brutus* are my own.
 I nearer drew to view the Ghastly Trunk,
 But oh! the Scene was chang'd, *Cæsar* was sunk;
 'Twas *Charles* the Second, which lay mangl'd there,
 The Sacrificing Tribe too did appear,
Brutus and *Cassius*, *T—k* and *Petre* were.
Charles weeping, grasp'd his Brother by the hand,
 I heard him sighing say, within my Land
 A faithful Pious Mother thou wilt command,
 Who in the utmost of Extremity,
 When all but her and much upbraided, I

Miscellany P O E M S.

III

Wou'd from the Crown have quite excluded thee,
Preach'd up thy forfeit Title by our Laws,
And in thy banishment maintain thy Cause;
Passive Obedience thou hast much in store,
But do not urge it to thy utmost power :

James to preserve her most devoutly swore ,
Charles dy'd, and *James* discharg'd his Oath next hou
I saw the Priests flock in : the *Bishops* out,
Saw *Petres* cram the *VVafer* down his Throat,
Tho' dead, it sav'd the Heretick no doubt.

I saw him poorly bury'd in the Night,
A wretched Train, and a more wretched sight ;
To me it seem'd a Funeral in Disguise,
For fear his Creditors shou'd his body seize.

I saw him shewn for two pence in a Chest,
Like *Monk*, Old *Harry*, *Mary*, and the rest,
And if the figure answer'd its intent,
In ten years time 'twould buy a Monument.

My fancy brought me back again to Court,
Where only *Fools* Advise, and *Knaves* Resort,
Our Kingdoms Curse, and other Nations Sport.

I heard the *Jesuits* in a grand Cabal,
Resolve to Root out *Heresie* or fall,
Each his particular Opinion gave,
They cry'd an opportunity we have
To fetter her, who kept us long her Slave.

Immediately they pitch'd upon a Rule,
How to suppress it by a forward *Fool*,
A bawling blund'ring senseless Tool ;

VVhose Mouthing at *White-Chappel* first began,
VVho regularly to his Greatness ran
Thro' all the vile degrees of Treachery,
And now Usurps the Court of Equity ?

He

He said, if you wou'd bring the Clergy down,
 Erect a Court-Commission from the Crown,
 And for Dispensing Law let me alone,
 They hugg'd their Bubble, and the deed was done.
 Petre grew Fat, and with *Mandamus's*,
 Canker'd the VVorthy *Universities*.
 The seats of Learning *Black-Heads* might command,
 Yet the Kings promise to the Church doth stand.
 Next, *Liberty of Conscience* was Ordain'd ;
 The *Bishops* for *Contempt* were then Arraign'd ;
 The Nobles and the Commons Closetted,
 The *Penal Laws* must be Abolished :
 If you refuse, your *Principles* are base,
 Disloyal, and you lose our Royal Grace,
 And each that has Dependencies his place.
Rochester fell, the Loyal *Herbert* starv'd,
 Each that forsook his God, his Monarch serv'd :
Somerſet lost his Troops, and *Shrowsbury*,
Oxford was stripp'd to *Scarsdal Lumbley* ;
 And many more too tedious to relate,
 By whom in safety, *James*, thou now dost sit,
 VVhen thou perceiv'dst no comfort from this Wild,
 Thy Dame, immediately was quick with Child,
 The *Princess* at the *Bath* when it was Born,
 The *Bishops* in the *Tower*, yet had he sworn
 The *Church of England* never should be wrong'd,
 Upon this News the Hot-brain'd *Papists* Throng'd ;
 I wak'd, and as I on my Dream Reflected,
 My reasonable Notions thus projected :
 O King, I cry'd, thy Measures run too fast,
 And thou wilt find the curse of it at last ;
 Why dost thou wrong thy Country, shame thy life,
 To please false *Priests*, and an ungrateful *Wife* .

A VVife, whose Character has always been
 A Fawning Dutcheſs, and a Sawcy Queen.
 How canſt thou ſuffer *Petre's* Infolence,
 VVho only makes a harveſt of his Prince.
 A Slave, to Rule Three Kingdoms, Govern thee,
 Yet ne'er was Maſter of a Family:
 This Serpent envying thy Happineſs,
 Has crept into thy *Eve*, whoſe wilfulneſs
 Has certainly betray'd thy Paradife;
 Diſcerning *Hallifax* thy fall foreſaw,
 And early did his ſlighted Faith withdraw;
 He needs no pardon for the advice he gave,
 VVhich ſhews him honeſter than ſome that have.
 Under the Roſe Men uſe their mind to tell,
 But now *Myne-Heir* 'tis under the Broad Seal;
 O *Naffaw*, with thy promis'd Succours come,
 And be to us like *Anthony* to *Rome*:
 Thy Wife ſhall young *Octavia's* place ſupply,
 And thoſe that have betray'd our Country fly,
 Unleſs the King to prove the Prince his own,
 Shall to the Lyons-Den preſent his Son,
 And if the Royal Brute do not deſtroy,
 The Infant, by Chriſt 'tis his none Joy.

*The Paradox on the Confinement of the
 Lords.*

LET Cynicks bark, and the ſtern Stagyrice
 At *Epicures* Precepts vent his ſpite;
 Let Church-men Preach their Thred-bare Paradox,
 Paſſive Obedience to their bleeding Flocks.

Let Stoicks boast of a contented mind,
The unknown pleasures of a Life confin'd ;
That in Imprisonment the Soul is free,
Grant me (ye Gods) but Ease and Liberty.

That there is Pleasure in a dirty Road,
A tir'd Horse that sinks beneath his Load,
Nomoney, and an old inveterate Pox ;
This I'll believe without a Paradox.

But to affirm 'twas the Dispensing Power,
That did Decree the Prelates to the Tower ;
And such Confinements for the Propagation
Of the true Doctrine of the Reformation.

That to remove the Candlesticks from sight
Is to enlarge the Gospel and the Light ;
And the Seven Angels are in Tribulation.
To Guard the Church from Pagan Invocation.

To say this is the keeping of our VVord,
The only way we have to be secur'd ;
Supporting of the *English* Church and Cause,
In all its Priviledges, Rights and Laws.

Pardon my Faith, for sooner I'll believe
The Subtile Serpent was deceiv'd by *Eve* ;
Rome shall with Hereticks her promise keep,
And Ravenous VVolves Protect the straggling Sheep,

That P ——— shall be mild and moderate,
Not out of meer regard to his Estate ;
And for a Hopeful Heir Invoke the Saints,
Out of his tender love to Protestants.

That Father *Petres* Counsel shall prevail,
To quit their guiltless Lordships without Fail ;
And *Gildford* beg i'th' name of the Young Prince,
Dispensing *James* may with their minds dispence.

I will believe D ——— shall Fail His Grace,
And C ——— shall with C ——— change place ;

And

And *H——* when made a Cardinal,
Shall Write a Learn'd Apology for all.

That for Old *Ely, Bristol, Bath and Wells*,
The Jesuits would pawn their Beads and Bells ;
For *Lloyd and Peterborough* to be Bail,
Good *Rochester* would lye himself in Goal.

That the Lord Chancellor shall quit the Purse;
For their respective Fines to Reimburse ;
Or that the Judges should not all Conspire
To find them guilty of a Preminire.

That *Pemberton* shall at the Bench prevail,
And *Allibone* shall Plead to be their Bail ;
Or *H——*, that lyes upon the Lurch ;
Who left the Charter shall restore the Church.

That she, who lately lookt into her Choice,
The Witty Author of the Brace of Mice,
Shall baffle the Old Panther in her Race,
And Crown her Husband with the Lawrels Bays.

All this I freely could believe and more,
But that the Lords are Sail'd out of the Tower,
Out of Respect to be sent back again,
For breach of Laws they sworn are to maintain.

That they have guilt of Disobedienee,
In this you must excuse my Diffidence,
Who plac'd upon the Monarchs Head the Crown,
Props of the Church, and Pillars of the Throne.

Over the Lord D---rs Door.

U Nhappier Age who e'er iaw,
 When Truth doth go for Treason ;
 Every Blockhead's Will for Law,
 And Coxcombs Sense for Reason.
 Religion's made a Bawd of State,
 To serve the Pimps and Panders,
 Our Liberty a Prison Gate,
 And *Irishmen* Commanders.
 O Wretched is our Fate !
 What Dangers do we run,
 We must be Wicked to be Great,
 And to be Just, undone.
 'Tis thus our Sov'raign keeps his Word,
 And makes the Nation Great ;
 To *Irishmen* he trusts the Sword,
 To *Jesuits* the State.

Over the Lord S——s Door.

I F Cevil the Wise,
 From his Grave should arise,
 And look the fat B—— in the Face.
 He'd take him from Mass,
 And turn him to Grass,
 And swear he was none of Race.

To the Speaking-Head.

I'm come my future Fate to seek,
Speak then, Cœlestial Block-head speak.

Answer.

Had'st thou not consulted with the Witch at *Rome*,
Thou need'st not thus, like *Saul*, to *Endor* come
To seek out (Brother Solid-head) thy Doom
The Hearts of all thy Friends are lost and gone ;
Gazing they stand, and grieving round thy Throne.
And scarce believe thou art the Martyrs Son.

Those, whom thou favourest, merit not thy Grace,
They, to their Interest, Sacrifice thy Peace,
And will in sorrow make thee end thy days.

Tempt not thy Fate too far, do not rely
On force or fraud; Why should'st thou Monarch, why,
Live unbelov'd, and unlamented dye ?

The Ghost.

A Papist dy'd, as 'twas *Jehovah's* Will,
And his poor Soul went trudging down to Hell!
Where, when he did arrive, just at the Entry,
He found a Mastive Devil standing Centry,
With flaming Eyes, and Face as black as Soot,
A Musqueteer with a great Cloven Foot :
And who goes there ? I, a poor Papist Ghost,
That's come to dwell upon the *Stygian* Coast.

Stay where you are, and do not press so hard,
 For I must call the Captain of the Guard;
 He gave me Orders to let none come in,
 But only such as should have leave from him.
 The Captain call'd, accordingly came forth,
 A Devil, of Integrity and Worth;
 VVho all in Noblest Scarlet being dress'd,
 VVith a most delicate fine Embroider'd Vest.
 He asks the Ghost with a great Voice, as loud
 As mighty Thunder, breaking from a Cloud,
 VVhat was the business? Sir, I am come to dwell,
 If you will please to give me leave, in Hell.
 Damn you, you whorison Dog, said he to him,
 I love my Master, and you shan't come in;
 For if above you eat your God, I fear,
 Should you come in, you'd eat the Devil here.

A Dialogue between a Loyal Addressor, and a Blunt Whiggish Clown.

UNgrateful VVreth! Can'st thou pretend a Cause
 To fear the loss of Liberty and Laws?
 Has not the King been at a vast Expence,
 To raise the Gallant Troops in thy Defence?
 Did he not promise in a Proclamation,
 To rule by Law at's Coronation?

Clown. But has he not already dam'd the Test?
 And sure that Princes VVord is but a jest,
 VVho Rules an Army, and Obeys a Priest:
 Nor can his Solemn Oath make us much safer;
 His Sword is Steel, his God is but a VVafer.

*A new Song of the misfortunes of an
Old Whore and her Brats.*

I.

THO' the Old Hag of *Rome*,
Has bewitch'd us all Dumb,
She can Tongue-tye our Muses no longer;
We now spue out her Charms,
And sing the brave Arms
Of Great *Orange* and *Scomberg*, ding-dong Sir.

II:

If we open'd our Lips,
Wooden Peep-holes and Whips
Was of late the mild Pennance enjoyn'd us;
Now Truth's no more Treason,
We esteem it a season
To be merry, and so you shall find us.

III.

Life and-Fortune Addresses,
Shall not wear out our Presses,
To flatter and sooth a *Just Nero*;
But loud Declarations,
To secure the three Nations
From the *French*, and from *Lilli-burlero*.

IV.

See how each Popish Gull,
Does look silly and dull,
O bone! O bone! all are Lamenting,

They've no Catholick Banter,
 No wise *Hind* and *Panther*.
 Nor any thing else worth the Printing.

V.

While we Hereticks do write,
 Ay, and Print too in spite
 Of the Devil, to revenge our late wrongs Sir;
 And the Hawkers hoarse Lungs,
 With our Lampoons and Songs,
 Make the Streets eccho all the day long Sir.

VI.

Now brave *Orange* advances,
 What the fam'd League with *France* is,
 We shall know to poor Catholicks sorrow,
 Stricken with Pannick Fears,
 How the Whelps hang their Ears,
 Pack up Relicks, and bid us good Morrow!

VII.

Father *Petre*, and others
 Of his Politick Brothers,
 Who one would think should have disdain'd it
 Are on fire to be gone,
 Tho they might every one,
 If they'd stay here a little, be Sainted.

VIII.

Just like old Rats and Mice,
 These bold Vermine are Wise,
 When they find a House ready to tumble,
 Away strait they advance,
 Bound for *Flanders* or *France*,
Adieu, Votre Serviteur humble.

IX. But

I X.

But pray what shall become,
O'th' young Kitlings of *Rome*,
I mean those the Old Whore has Converted;
When they're grip'd by the Claws,
Of reviv'd Penal Laws,
And by all Ghostly Fathers deserted.

X.

'Tis hard to leave the poor Elves,
Thus to shift for themselves,
For unless you'd confirm'd the Babes better-a,
With your Cowardise tainted,
They'll e'ne grudge to be Sainted
With St. *Coleman*, St. *Whitebread*, &c.

XI.

So when Witches are taken
For enchanting Folks Bacon,
Cows, Horses, or any such thing Sir;
And the Hang-man once takes 'em,
Their Imps all forsake them,
And bequeath 'em to a right Hempoen-string Sir.

XII.

Our great States-men and Judges,
The Jesuits true Drudges,
To advance the Plots of Holy Church Sir;
Do make wretched Grimaces,
Losing Pensions and Places,
To a Parliament left in the lurch Sir,

XIII.

And the young VVelschman's Sre,
Stuck like *Dun* in the Mire,
With revengeful Despair looks around him;
And then Curses the Crowd,
That with Suffrages loud,
Shouted (*Vive le Roy*) when they Crown'd him XIV.

X I V.

He thinks 'tis an hard Fate,
 Now to Capitulate,
 And revoke his Indulg'd Dispensations;
 To his Sons Terms to buckle,
 To a Parliament truckle,
 And Eat up his kind Declarations.

X V.

'Tis hard that dull Hereticks,
 Still Suspicious of Tricks,
 Cant believe the young Bantling's his Son Sir;
 As if *Priests* could n't create,
 At least *Transubstantiate*
 Him a *Boy*, for an Heir to his *Crown* Sir.

X V I.

Nay renown'd Lords and Ladies,
 A long Bead-row have made us,
 VVith the Midwife and Learned *Physicians*;
 Cannot all this convince,
 That it is a *Welch Prince*,
 Though we publish the plain Depositions?

X V I I.

VVell it seems (to be short)
 There's no Remedy for't,
 Both his *Gods* and his *Friends* are retiring;
 And his Army falls off,
 While his *Enemies* scoff,
 To see the Prince curb his aspiring.

X V I I I.

Have we not a Wise King,
 To resolve he would bring
 All to *Rome's* Lure, or else Sacrifice Sir,
 Three Kingdoms to his Spleen,
 And to th' Will of his *Queen*?
 Did the world ever hear of a wiser?

X I X.

Without one sturdy fight,
He's obliged to alight
From the Throne, which he envy'd his Brother,
And may like a poor Bigot,
Go embarque in a Frigat,
To see if he can find such another.

X X.

Since these *Switzers* and *Dutchmen*,
Come to stand by our Church-men,
VVith hard grim Fellows from *Fin-land*,
The Old Politick VVhore,
Now must never hope more,
To sit brooding o're *Plots* here against *England*.

X X I.

Is't not Reason and Sense,
If a King will Dispence,
VVith our Statutes, and with his own word Sir,
To decide the Just Cause,
Of Religion and Laws,
VVith a swinging Great *Protestant-Sword* Sir?

X X I I.

The *French* Tyrant dissembles,
And huffs, though he trembles,
VVe shall Visit that Son of a VVhore Sir;
If the weather hold fair,
VVe'd fain take a *Tour* there,
As our Fathers did in Days of Yore Sir.

X X I I I.

18. VVhile the *Germans* before,
Pay him off his old score,
For the mischief they've felt and do fear Sir,
VVith Pipe, Sword and Pistol,
VVe shall Probe his old Fistule,
And charge the Dog home in the rear Sir.

A New Song.

To the Tune of, *Couragio.*

I.

Come, come, great *Orange*, come away,
On thy *August* Voyagio,
The Church and State admit no stay,
And Protestants wou'd once more say
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

II.

Stand *East*, dear Wind, till they arrive,
On their design'd Voyagio,
And let each Noble Soul alive
Cry loud, *Qu'il Prince d' Aurange vive !*
Couragio, &c.

III.

Look sharp, and see the Glorious Fleet,
Appear in their Voyagio !
With loud Huzza's we will them greet,
And with both Arms and Armies meet ;
Couragio, &c.

IV.

Then, welcome to our *English* shore,
And now I will engage---o,
VVe'll thump the Babylonish *Whore*,
And kick her Trump'ries out of Door ;
Couragio, &c.

V.

Poor B——k! how will thy Dear Joys,
Oppose this brave Voyagio?
Thy tallest Sparks will be meer Toys,
To *Brandenburgh* and *Swedish* Boys;
Couragio, &c.

VI.

D——n sputters now like mad,
Against this great Voyagio;
Old C——n too in Sable's clad,
And F——m looks wondrous sad;
Couragio, &c.

VII.

But *Solmes* has took a Glorious Cause,
In this *Warlike* Voyagio,
To Guard us from their Ravenous Paws,
And to protect our Lives and Laws;
Couragio, &c.

VIII.

Nassaw will ridicule the Fop,
By this *Belgic* Voyagio,
And make their gawdy feathers drop,
Their slaughter's but a Harvest Crop:
Couragio, &c.

IX.

Stirum, advance the *Buda* Blades,
Thou'st brought in this Voyagio;
And since thy Lawrel never fades,
Send our Foes to the *Stygian* shades;
Couragio, &c.

X.

Scombergh thunders Heroe-like,
 In this Stormy Voyagio;
 His very Name does Horroure strike,
 And will slay more than Gun or Pike;
Couragio, &c.

XI.

Thus they the Victory will gain,
 After their brave Voyagio;
 And all our Liberties maintain,
 And settle Church and State again:
Couragio, &c.

XII.

Then 'twill be Just, and no Extream,
 To see by this Voyagio,
 That *Wem* shou'd have th' effect of's Dream,
 For Driving headlong with the Stream;
Couragio, &c.

XIII.

The Judges too, that Traitors be;
 Must trufs by this Voyagio,
 'Twill be a Noble Sight to see,
 Dispencing Scarlet on a Tree!
Couragio, &c.

XIV.

The Monks away full swift will hye,
 On their dismal Voyagio;
 Ten Pounds a Post-Horse then they cry,
 And all away to *Calis* fly;
Couragio, &c.

XV.

S——d has Shot the Pit,
And is on his Voyagio ;
Dada must no more hatching sit,
And Petre too the Board must quit :
Couragio, &c.

XVI.

Old A——l does hang his Ears,
Because of this Voyagio ;
And Miser P——s stews in Tears ;
B——fis roars, and damns, and swears :
Couragio, &c.

XVII.

When all is done, we then shall hope
To see, by this Voyagio,
No more Nuncio, no more Pope,
Except it be to have a Rope ;
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

A new Song of an Orange.

To that Excellent Old Tune Of a Pudding.

GOOD People come buy,
The Fruit that I cry,
That now is in Season, tho' Winter is nigh,
'Twill do you all good,
And sweeten your Blood,
I'm sure it will please you when once understood
'Tis an Orange.

great

Its Cordial Juice,
 Does much Vigour produce,
 I may well recommend it to every mans use;
 Tho' some it quite chills,
 And with fear almost kills,
 Yet certain each honest Man benefit feels
 by an Orange.

To make Claret go down,
 Sometimes there is found
 A Jolly good Health to pass pleasantly round;
 But yet I'll protest,
 Without any Jest,
 No flavour is better than that of the tast
 Of an Orange.

Perhaps you may think,
 At *White-H* — they stink,
 Because that our Neighbours come over the Sea,
 Yet sure 'tis presum'd,
 That they may be perfum'd,
 By the scent of a Clove, when once it is stuck
 In an Orange.

If they'd cur'd the ails
 Of the *P* — of *W* —
 When the Milk of *Milch Tyler* does not well agree,
 Tho he's subject to cast,
 They may better the tast,
 Yet let 'em take heed lest it Curdle at last
 With an Orange.

Old Stories rehearse,
 In Prose and in Verse,
 How a *Welsh Child* was found by *loving of Cheese*;

Miscellany P O E M S. 129

So this will be known,
If it be the Q—— own,
For the taste it utterly then will disown
Of an Orange.

Tho the Mobile bawl,
Like the Devil and all,
For Religion, Property, Justice and Laws;
Yet in very good sooth,
I'll tell you the truth,
There nothing is better to stop a mans mouth
Than an Orange.

We are certainly told,
That by *Adam* of old,
Himself and his Bearns for an Apple was fold;
And who knows but his Son,
By Serpents undone,
And his Juggling *Eve* may chance lose her own
[For an Orange.]

*A New Song on the Calling of a Fee
Parliament, January 5th, 1688.*

I.

A Parliament, with one consent
Is all the cry oth' Nation,
Which now may be, since Popery
Is growing out of fashion:
The *Belgick* Troops approach to Town,
The Oranges come Powing,
And all the Lords agree as one
To send the Papists scowring.

K

II.

I I.

The Holy Man shall lead the Van,
 Our Father and Confessor;
 In Robes of Red the Jesuits fled,
 Who was the chief Transgressor.
 In this disguise he thought to escape,
 And hop'd to save his Bacon,
 But *H* — — he has laid a 'Trap,
 The Rat may be Retaken.

I I I.

The Nuncio too, the day may rue
 That he came o'er the Ocean,
 P'th' *English* Court, to keep's Resort,
 And teach his blind Devotion:
 The Prelates, *Ellis*, *Smith*, and *Hall*,
 Have sold their Coach and Horses,
 And will no longer in *White-Hall*
 Foment their Learn'd Discourses.

I V.

The Groom o'th' Stool, that play'd the Fool,
 Full forely will repent it,
 And *S* — —, did barefoot stand
 For Pennance, shall lament it.
M — — and the *Scotch* are fled,
 Whom hopes of Interest tempted;
 Those Lords did turn for want of Bread,
 And ought to be Exempted.

V.

But *S* — —, what cause had he
 To fear his Highness Landing,
 Who by his *A* — —s and Legs might pass
 For one of understanding.
 To take up Arms at such a time,
 Against the Rules were gave him;

His

His Head must answer for the Crime,
His Pardon will not save him.

VI.

The Fryers and Monks with all their Punks,
Are now upon the Scamper,
T——/ Swears, and Rants and Tears,
And Teague does make a clumper.
The Foreign Priests that Posted o're,
Into the *English* Nation,
Do now repent that on that Shore
They laid their weak Foundation.

VII.

'Twould be a fight 'twou'd move delight,
In each obdurate Varlet,
To see the Graves that made us Slaves,
Hang in dispensing Scarlet.
And every Popish Counsellour,
That for the same Cause Plead'd,
Shall all turn off at the same score,
Be Hang'd or else Beheaded

*The Second part of Lilli---li burlero
Bullen a-la.*

I.

BY Creist my dear *Morish* vat makes de sho'shad
Lill—li burlero bullen a-la.

The Hereticks Jear us and mauke me Mad,
Lill— li burlero bullen a-la,
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a-la,
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a-la.

I I.

Pox take me dear *Teague* but I am in a rage,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
 Poo' what Impudence is in dish Age?
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
 Lero, Lero, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.

I I I.

Vat if *Dush* shou'd come as dey hope,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
 To up hang us for all de Dispence of de Pope,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
 Lero, lero, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.

I V.

Dey shay dat *T* — *I*'s a Friend to de Mash,
Lilli burlero bullen a la,
 For which he's a Traitor, a Pimp, and an Ass,
Lilli burlero bullen a la,
 Lero, lero, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.

V.

Ara' Plague tauke me now I make a Swar,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
 I'd to Shent *Tyburn* will mauke a great Prayer,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la ;
 Lero, lero, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.

V I.

O'I will pray to Shaint *Patricks* Frock,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
 Or to *Loretto's* Sacred Smock;
Lilli burlero bullen a-la ;
 Lero, lero, &c.
 Lero, lero, &c.

VII.

Now a Pox tauke me, what dost dow tink,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
De English Confusion to Popery drink,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

VIII.

And by my Shoul de Mash House pull down,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
While dey were Swearing de Mayor of do Town,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la ;
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

IX.

O' Fait and be, I'll mauke de Decree,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
And Swar by de Chancellor's modesty ;
Lilli burlero bullen a-la ,
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

X.

Dat I no longer in English will stay,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la ;
For be goad day will hang us out of de way,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la ;
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

The Chancellour turn'd Tarpaulin.

TO be a Pris'ner, hated, loath'd, and scorn'd,
 With unlamented Plagues, thy fall unmourn'd,
 Under approaching Torments keenest Dread,
 And 'midst a shouting Crowd unpitied led,
 To meet a shameful Death, would seem t'atone
 All horrid Villanies except thy own :
 But they so numerous, great and loud appear,
 They dull Repentance, as they heighten fear.
 Curs'd by your King, your Country, and it seems
 You're Curs'd too by your own Prophetick Dreams :
 Curs'd in your Novice Years and Indigence,
 When Railing was your Law and Eloquence.
 And Curs'd e'er since for Fraud and Bribery,
 Lying, Partiality, and Perjury.
 Curs'd by all People, Prosp'rous and Forlorn,
 And will be Curs'd by thousands yet unborn.
 Curs'd by the Just and Virtuous, and what's worse,
 You have your Fathers and your Childrens Curse,
 Legions of Ghosts you've murder'd will appear,
 And whisper, on the Gallows, in your Ear ;
 Your Byass'd Judgment's giv'n against the Good,
 That you might reek in Mony and in Blood.
 The Tyrant, when *Perillus* brought his Bull,
 Made the Inventor prove the first sad Howl.
 Your Whipping so (tho late) should well be try'd
 (Which you found out) upon your bleeding Hide.
 And thus Condemn'd, you'll be rewarded well
 With Pill'ry, Carts-Tail, Gibbets, Flames and Hell.

And with your Quarters hurl'd into your Grave,
 Let this be wrote, *I was both Fool and Knave,*
To Law and Drink a Scandal and a Slave.

Stafford's Ghost, February 1681.

IS this the Heav'nly Crown ? Are these the Joys
 Which bellowing Priests did promise with such noise;
 Charming my Fears with such lewd Words as these,
 A Saint, a Martyr, Bliss, Eternal Ease ?
 Such promised Glories were for meaner Deeds.
 He's trebly blest by whom our Monarch bleeds,
 Curs'd Priests did me with other Fools delude,
 Brib'd with their Gifts of the Beatitude.
 Had I that Life so unadvis'dly lost,
 'Tis not your fawning Jesuitish Host,
 Should e'er prevail on my misguided sense,
 To smother Guilt with Vows of Innocence :
 Nor thou, false Friend, as false to me or more,
 Then all thy Oaths for Coleman's Life before ;
 With thy true Catholick protesting Breath,
 Should'st e'er betray me to a pejur'd Death.
 Blinded with Zeal, what, did we once admire
 A Sulph'rous Soul, by Jesuits set on Fire ;
 A Headstrong, Stupid, Rash Bigotted P —
 Declar'd the open Enemy to Sense.
 Weak are the Sacred Ties that should attend
 The Name of Sov'raign, Brother, and of Friend ;
 This Pious *Samson* would with Joy o'er throw
 The Universe, and perish by the Blow ;
 His Plots, tho known, yet will he ne'er give o'er,
 But still Intreagues with his dear *Babel* Whore ;

So much infected by that Fatal Bitch,
 He's all broke out in Scabby Zeal and Itch.
 Could we distinctly view his Tainted Soul,
 That all the Relicks of S—— were small,
 Compar'd with th' Scars of his P—— Spiritual :
 'Tis not the pow'rful Force of *Jordan's* Streams,
 Nor his dear Purgatorys cleansing Flames,
 Can e're remove from his polluted Soul :
 The least remains of a Disease so foul :
 You'll say, 'tis hard that such a one as he
 Should be depriv'd of *Naamans* Remedy ;
 But there's distinction to be made, I hope,
 'Twixt those that worship *Rimmon* and the *Pope*.
 Amends for my intended Crimes I make,
 If *Charles* from his Lethargick Sleep I wake,
 But such a Dose of Opiats they have given
 To Rouse him were a Miracle for Heaven ;
 I hope, tho when he hears what I can tell,
 Success may Crown my Embassy from Hell.
 I'll boldly name those that pursue his Life,
 And 'mongst his Subjects fester endless Strife ;
 Their Friends and their Advisers I'll reveal,
 Those Holy Men that toucht with pious Zeal,
 Are such Well-wishers to the Common Weal.

T—— most Belov'd, and boldest Friend is he,
 VVho knows he must succeed by *Gadbury* ;
 Yet some with wonder are surpriz'd to find
 That in the Loyal Ague of his Mind,
 His hot Fit comes in such a proper time,
 VVhose cold one thought the Covenant no Crime.
 The next a Slave to his Ambitious Pride,
 Must be the chief, tho of the falling side.
 This Hot-brain'd *Machiavel* once vainly strove,
 For what he ne're can hope the Peoples Love.

But

But foil'd he flies for Refuge to the Throne,
Trusting to th' Bladders of his VVit alone,
VWithout one Honest Thought to fix them on. }

The Third a VVrack of the divided Chits.

Better than Jilting VVhore he Counterfeits ;
But not his Treach'rous Eyes dissolv'd in Tears,
Nor the false Vizard his Ambition wears,
Can blind the VVorld, or hide what must be seen,
His Practices with F——— and Maz———.

Vote on, poor Fools ! ye Commons vent your Spleen
Sure *France* and T——— are a sufficient Screen :

A Tax at home's a Project Old and Dull.

He'll find new ways to keep the Coffers Full :

The *French* shall some of our fled Gold restore,
They suck like Leeches, but they ruin more
When they Spue back part of th' infected Ore: }

'Tis his Contrivance too, by Change of Air,
To ease our Monarch of his Fears and Care

They jointly toil to make thy burden light,
Knowing that Quiet is thy chief Delight, }

They therefore haste and hurry thee to fight.

No Matter C——— thy Enemies they'l fright, (fright,
One Stamps, one Talks, one VVeeps thy foes to
I come (dread Lord) from the dark Shades below
To give thee timely notice of the Blow.

Which thou may'st yet prevent ; think well of those
Whom now (mistaken) you believe your Foes.

They who against your Will wou'd fix your Crown,
Giving your Riches, Happiness, Renown ;

Which *Metamorphose* should accepted be,
Because redeem'd from Want and Infamy.

(Observe poor Wanderer, how thou walk'st alone,
Might is the *Atlas* that supports thy Throne)

Haste to comply, defer it not too long,
 Thou can'st not stem a Current that's so strong.
 Trust to th' Affections of thy *Britains* bold,
 Give them but leave thy Honour to uphold;
 Tho *Bessus*, yet a *Cæsar* thou may'st be,
 Opprest with Trophies of their Victory.

On the D——s of P——th's Picture,
 Sept. 1682.

WHO can on this Picture look,
 And not strait be wonder strook,
 That such a peaking doudy thing,
 Should make a Beggar of a King?
 Three happy Nations turn to Tears,
 And all their former Love to Fears;
 Ruine the Great, and raise the Small,
 Yet will by turns betray 'um All
 Lowly born, and meanly bred,
 Yet of this Nation is the Head:
 For half *Whiteball* make her their Court,
 Tho th' other half make her their sport.
Monmouth's Tamer, *Jeffery's* Advance,
 Foe to *England*, Spye for *France*;
 False and foolish, proud and bold,
 Ugly as you see, and Old.
 In a word, her mighty Grace
 Is Whore in all things but her Face.

All Shams.

To the Tune of, *Packington's Pound.*

I.
AN Invasion from *Dutchland* is all the discourse,
 And incredible Tale of Incredible force !
 While each graver Sir *Pol* unfolded his Sheet,
 An exact Computation of Army and Fleet :
 Of their Horse and their Foot,
 And their Great Guns to boot,
 Each Fireship, each Tender, and Flat-bottom'd Boat;
 The time of their Landing, and place, can reveal,
 But that, as a secret, as yet he'll conceal.

II.
 While each busie-brain'd Machnie, and Fool,
 Each chattering Barber, each Aporn and Rule ;
 Let his private concern be of ne'r so much weight,
 And nought but his Trade he can call his Estate :
 Yet straight he declares,
 It has long been his Fears,
 He dreaded this business for several Years :
 Nay, the future events he cou'd easily relate ;
 But 'tis dangerous, Neighbours, and touches the State.

III.
 Now while we are hearing and telling of Lyes,
 A Cloud from the *West* does quite darken the Skies :
 All *Egypt's* ten Plagues do at once on us fall,
 For, in Naming the *Irish*, it comprehends all :

To

To what purpose they come
 Is no secret to *Rome* ;
 And, to guess at the consequence, we may presume :
 Old *England* was ne're so unhappy before,
 While the Scum of three Nations for aid we Implore.

IV.

Now lay by Chimeras of Fleets, and Armados,
 And, if you can, fairly march off to *Barbadoes*,
Jamaica, *Virginia*, or any Plantation,
 Except that of *Will Pen*, the disturber o'th' Nation ;
 To *Lapland*, or *Greenland*,
 Nay sail into *Finland*,
 To Presbyter *John*, or the Islands within Land :
 And leave both your Honors, Estates and your Wives,
 On condition that you may depart with your Lives.

Fumbumbis : or the North-Country-
 Mayor. A Ballad.

To the Tune of, *Packinton's Pound*.

I Sing of no Heretic, Turk, or of Tartar,
 But a suffering Mayor, who may pass for a Martyr;
 For a story so Tragic was never yet told
 By *Fox*, or by *Stow*, those Authors of old :
 How a vile Lansprezado,
 Did a Mayor Bastinado,
 And play'd him a Trick worse than a Strapado.
 Ob Mayor, Mayor, thou had'st better never Transub'd,
 Than thus to be toss'd in a Blanket, and drub'd.

II.

All laugh'd to behold this Saint of a Mayor
To Heav'n assum'd on a Colstaff of Air;
From the Earth to the Skies they removed his station,
So quick, you'd have thought it Transubstantiation:
Our Hereticks boast,
He for turning was tofs'd,
And sent up, to catch the Religion h' had lost.
Oh Mayor, Mayor, &c.

III.

Not *Quixot* himself was ever less daunted
For charging the Windmills, or Gyants Inchant'd.
A mind so resolv'd what danger cou'd threaten?
The Hero's the same, whether beat or is beaten:
And the Cudgels and Stones
May bruise and break Bones;
Tis the manner of Kicking for Kicking atones.
Oh Mayor, Mayor, &c.

IV:

The various Effects of his VVorship's disgrace
Might have spoil'd the Bel-Air of a modester Face;
But such an assurance his cause does admit,
He discovers as little of shame, as of wit:
For, besides the expence,
Wou'd one Post from thence
To prove himself such a Poltroon to his Prince?
*Oh Mayor, Mayor, thou'd'st better have never Transub'd
Than thus to be tofs'd in a Blanket and Drub'd!*

*Essay written over his Door upon an In-
stitution and Induction.*

I.

'TIS a strange thing to think on
That old *Tom of Lincoln*,
Who writ for the Reformation,
Shou'd so basely submit,
Without honor, or Wit,
To the Reading the Declaration.

II.

Who ever takes Order
From this *Satan-Recorder*,
And thinks to go out a Divine,
Will find it a Folly
To expect the Ghost Holy,
'Tis the Devil that enters the Swine

A new Song of the Times, 1683.

I.

'T were folly for ever
The Whiggs to endeavour
Disowning their Plots, when all the World knows 'um;
Did they not fix
On a Council of Six,
Appointed to Govern tho no Body Chose 'um.
They that bore sway,
Knew not one would Obey

Did

Did *Trincalo* make such a ridiculous pother ;
Monmouth's the Head,
 To strike Monarchy dead,
 They chose themselves Vice-Roys all o're one another.

I I.

Was't not a damn'd thing,
 For R — and H — ,
 To serve all the Projects of Hot-headed *Tony* ;
 But much more untoward
 To appoint my Lord H — (ney
 With his own Purse and credit to raise Men and Mo-
 That at *Knightsbridge* did hide
 Those brisk Boys unspy'd
 Who at *Shaftsbury's* Whistle were ready to follow ;
 And when Aid he should bring,
 Like a true *Branford* King.
 Was here with a Whoop and gone with a hollow.

III.

Algernoon *Sidney*,
 Of Common-Wealth *Kidney*,
 Compos'd a damn'd Libel (ay marry was it)
 Writ to occasion
 Ill Blood in the nation,
 And therefore dispers'd it all over his Closet :
 It was not the Writing
 Was prov'd or Indicting ;
 Tho he urg'd Statutes , what was it but fooling,
 Since a new Trust is
 Plac'd in the Chief Justice,
 To damn Law and Reason too by over-ruling.

IV.

What if a Traytor,
 In spite of the State Sir,
 Should cut his own Throat from one Ear to the other?
 Shall

Shall then a new freak
 Make *Braddon* and *Speak*
 To be more concern'd than his Wife or his Brother;
 A Razor all Bloody
 Thrown out of a Study
 Is Evidence strong of his desperate guilt, Sir;
 So *Godfrey*, when dead,
 Full of horreur and dread,
 Run his Sword thro' his Body up to the Hilt Sir.

V.

VWho can think the case hard
 Of Sir *P—— W—— d*;
 That lov'd his just Rights more than those of his
 Oh Disloyal Ears, (Highness.
 As on Record appears,
 Not to hear when to do the Papists a kindness.
 An Old doting Citty.
 VVith his *Elizabeth* VVit,
 Against the French Mode for freedom to hope on
 His Ears that told lies
 VVere less dull than his Eyes,
 For both them were shut when all others were open.

VI.

All *Europe* together
 Can't shew such a Father
 So tenderly nice of his Sons Reputation,
 As our good King is
 To labour to bring his,
 By tricks to subscribe to a sham Declaration.
 'Twas very good reason
 To pardon his Treason,
 To Obey (not his own, but) his Brothers Command, Sir,
 To merit whose grace,
 He must in the first place
 Confess he's a villain under his hand Sir.

VII. Since

VII.

Since Fate the Court blesses,
 With daily successes,
 And giving up Charters go round for a frolick
 Whilst our D ——— Nero,
 The Churches blind Hero,
 By Murders is planting his Faith Apostolick,
 Our Modern Sages,
 More wise than past Ages
 Think ours to Establish by Popish Successors,
 Queen *Bess* never thought it,
 And *Cécil* forgot it,
 But 'tis lately found out by our prudent Addressors.

A Heroick Scene.

*Enter Oliver's Porter, Fidler, and Poet
 in Bedlam.*

*The Scene adorned with several of the Poets own
 Flowers, known by the Itallick Character.*

Porter. **O** Glory ! Glory ! who are these appear ?
 My Fellow-Servants, Poet, Fidler here ?
 Old *Hodge* the Constant, *Johnny* the Sincere.
 Who sent you hither ? And pray tell me why
An horrid silence does Invade mine Eye,
While not one sound of Voice from you I spye.
Johnny. I come to let thee know, the time is now
 To turn and fawn, and flatter as we do,
And follow that which does too fast pursue.
 Be wise, neglect your Interest now no more ;
 Interest ! The Prince we serve, the God w' adore.

I for the Royal Martyr first declar'd ;
 But, e're his Head was off, I was prepar'd
 To own the Rump, and for that Cause did Rhime ;
 But those kick'd out, next Moment turn'd to him
 Who routed them : Call'd him my Sovereign,
And prais'd his opening of a Kingly Vein.

Hodge. I by my Lowring Planets was accurs'd
 To be for barren Loyalty at first ;
 But when to *Nolls*, our *Charles's* fate gave place,
 I could abjure the Unhappy Royal Race ;
 To *Noll* I all my fingers skill did show,
 And charm'd his Highness with my nimble Bow.
 Besides, I serv'd him as a faithful Spy,
 And did decoy the Cavalierish Fry ;
 Gold from his bounteous Highness charm'd my Eyes,
 My old Whore *Balt Gl---fs* could ne're suffice
 For the Expence and Equipage of spies.

Johnny. Come joyn with us to make our Party
 And you can never be in *Bedlam* long. (strong,

Hodge. Were you yet Madder you might serve the
 And be concern'd in things of greatest weight. (state,

Johnny. For (as *Turks* their *Santons*) we adore
 The Fools and Madmen, and their aid implore :
 They're such who share my Panegyrick Verse,

Hodge. To such I write, not to *Philosophers.* (bring

Porter. Such frequent turns should you to *Bedlam*
 From *Rump* to *Cromwell*, *Cromwell* to the King ;
 Then to your Idol Church, next to the Pope,
 Which may one day prefer you to the Rope :
 I amongst Madmen am confin'd 'tis true,
 But I have more solidity than you.

Johnny. A Windmill is not fickle ; for we find
 That it is always constant to the Wind :

I never change; I'm still to Interest true;
The Conquerour ever does my Muse subdue;
And with whatever Tossing she shall meet,
She, like a Cat, shall light upon her feet.

Hodge. How long did I write for the *English Church*,
Yet now think fit to leave her in the lurch:
Like *Will o'th'-Wisp* th' Inferiour Clergy I
Led into Quagmires, where I let them lie;
Some into Boggs and Ditches I have cast,
Where let them flounder what they will, they're 'fast:
So far Crape-Gown is plung'd into the mire,
It is not possible it should retire.

Porter. My Spirit boils within my troubled Breast,
These Rogues are come to interrupt my rest.

Johnny. When the Exalted *Whiggs* were in their
I spent my Oyl and Labour on their side.
Wrote a *Whigg* Play, and *Shaftsbury* out-ran;
For all my Maxims were Republican;
For the Excluding-Bill I did declare,
Libell'd and Rail'd, and did no Monarch spare:
When they began to droop I fac'd about,
And with my Pen I damn'd the *Whiggish* rout.
Nay every turn before-hand I can find,
As your sagacious Hog foresees the Wind.

Hodge. You nimbly turn to that which does prevail;
No Seaman e're could sooner shift his Sail.

Johnny. Like a true Renegado still I maul
The party I forsook with utmost gall.

Hodge. So I ere long shall damn the Heretick Souls
Of my old Comrade Coffee-Priests near *Pauls*.
Spies upon all their Pulpits I maintain,
And if of *Rome*, or Slavery they complain,
Or for their own against our Church they Preach;
I roar as if they did Sedition Teach;

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I brand the Person with most Venemous Lies
If I want Truth, Invention still supplies.

Johnny. But a reserve I kept for *Monmouth* still,
Should he prevail, I with such equal skill
With Satyr-mingled praise he could not take it ill.
And had that Prince Victorious been at *Lime*,
I the *Black-Box* had justified in Rhime.
I was prepar'd to praise or to abhor him,
Satyr I had and Panegyrick for him.

[*Por. aside.*] Oh seed of *Locusts*, from the Infernal
You'l cause my anger and I'll make you quake. (Lake

Hodge. Long my sly pen serv'd *Rome*, and I achiev'd
Ample Rewards, whole shoals of Priests deceiv'd.
I wrought with such Imperceptible Tools,
That I of heaps of Guineas gull'd those Fools :
The only Bubbles in the World they be,
Who, to their cost, must feel before they see :
In publick yet the *English* Church I own,
Tho' I am subtilly Writing of it down ;
For yet it is not time I should declare
Lest Fools, to whom I write, should be aware.

Johnny. Men best themselves 'gainst open foes de-
But perish surely by a seeming Friend ; (send,
One Son turn'd me, I turn'd the other two ;
But had not an Indulgence, Sir, like you ;
I felt my Purse insensibly consume
Till I had openly declar'd for *Rome*.

Hodge. Now fellow Servant pray at length be wise
And follow our Example and Advice.

Porter. VVhat ! turn to *Rome*, who did our City
And wou'd our Ancient Government o'return ? (burn?

Hodge. Hold ! Is not the Inscription blotted out ?

Por. Therefore who burnt the City none need doubt.

Johnny.

Johnny. It was Almighty Fire from Heav'n came
To punish the Rebellious stiff-neck'd Town; (down
All which had perish'd in devouring flames,
Tho on the fire y'had emptied all the *Thames*;
Had all its Waves been on the Houses tost,
It had but basted them as they did rost;
But Heaven a Chrystal Pyramid did take,
Of that a broad Extinguisher did make
In Firmamental Waters dipt above,
To Hood the Flames which to their Quarry strove.

Porter. A Pyramid Extinguisher to Hood!
'Tis Nonsense never to be understood.

Hod. What, you believe the Plot of Varlet Oates?

Por. Ten Proclamations and Four Senates Votes.

John. That Godfreys Life was by the Papiests sped?

Por. Oh, No! He kill'd himself when he was dead.

Hod. To Jesuits dying you will Credit give.

Por. Yes! full as much as all the while they live.

But dying Protestants I'll not believe,
For they allow of neat Equivocation,
And of flat Lies, with Mental Reservation.

John. Hark Hodge: To gain him we in vain contend,
Our Fellow Servant is a Wagg, dear Friend.

Hodge. I'll try him farther; for his Parts are such,
To bring him o're must needs avail us much, (*Dutch*
Who are for Rome & France 'gainst th' English & the
Come Fellow Servant, you blieve our Plot
Of *Russel*, *H — n*, *Sydney*, and what not?
Of *B —*, *Walcot*, of *Bow-steeple* and the *Rye*

Por. For *R —* would, but *H — n* would not Lie,
Rumbald and *Walcot* too did both deny
Ayloff to boot; but Cowards are not brave;
For Fear's a Passion which all Cowards have:

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Yet to the Plot I firm belief afford,
Of th' Evidence I credit not one word.

Johnny. Can you distrust what G— and E— say?

Port. What! two such Excellent Moral Men as they!

Hod. Others there are swore home as Men cou'd do.

Por. Who for their Lives must swear home 'tis true:

Against the Popish Crew none ever swore

But a full Pardon he obtain'd before ;

These Swearers are like Cormorants, for they,

On *Whiggs* with ropes about their gullets prey.

John. What then? will you not be to Interest true?

We both are of the same belief with you ;

But we know better what we have to do.

Por. aside. Did ever Hell send such a brace of
Such abject Cowards, Mercenary Slaves! (Knaves;

[*Exit frowning.*

John. His looks are wild, his fiery Eye-balls roll,
A Raging Tempest's labouring in his Soul.

Let's prudently retire.

Porter Re-enters with a great Bible given him by Nell G.

Por. You sneaking Rogues would you be gone?

Here's that shall knock both you and Popery down.

*He knocks them down with the Bible, and stamps upon
them, they get up.*

Hodge. Rash Man! for this I full revenge will take,
And set our Evidence upon your back.

John. Audacious Fool, how dare you tempt your
Provoking me a Pillar of the State, (fate?

Who with my Pen alone have turn'd the Scale,

And made the *Tories* o're the *Whiggs* prevail?

Hodge. Your Pen alone! —

Can I this Arrogance endure to hear,

Would you usurp the Garland I should wear?

Johnny.

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Johnny. You with your *Forty Eight*, and *Forty One*,
VVith *Screws* and *Antipendiums* plagu'd the Town ;
VVhile even the *Whiggs* admir'd my lofty Verses,
Your VVitleſs Proſe did Fodder *Torys* Arſes.

Hodge. I'll through your Arſe touch Honour to
(the quick,

And find if you have any by this kick. [*Kicks the Poet.*

Johnny. Kick on, old *Fool*, till you your *Toes* ſhall
I have had ſeveral, and can bear them all : (maul,
Beſides, I'm uſ'd to't—————

Porter. Hence you wretched *Slaves*,
There is Contagion in ſuch *Fools* and *Knaves*.
I'll wring your Necks off, if you ever more
Preſume to ſet your feet within this door :
I'm Chief, and have Dominion in this place.

Johnny. I'll ſpend my gushing blood upon thy Face ;
And if thou dar'ſt effect thy dire Deſign
With my two Hands I'll ſling my Head at thine.

Porter. Holloa St. Dennis, have at you.

Johnny. Murder, Murder! [*He kicks and beats them,*
Hodge. Help, Help! *they run roaring out.*

Porter. Ion theſe *Knaves* ſhall never more complain,
They have call'd back my wandring ſenſe again.

[*He Pauſes, and ſeems to come to himſelf.*

Of all Mankind, happy alone are we,
From all Ambition, from all Tumults free :
No Plots nor vile Informers need we fear ;
No Plagues, nor Tortures for Religion here,
Our Thoughts, nay even our very words are free,
Not damn'd by *Fines*, or loſs of Liberty ;
None here's impeach'd by a vile Table ſpye,
VVho with an *Innuendo* backs his lye ;
VVords and Lampoons we laugh at, and ne're care
VVhat's ſaid by Men, if Actions they forbear ;

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Anger at words is weakness understood,
 Since none can Ridicule ought that is good ;
 'Tis VVomanish, and springs from Impotence,
 For no great Man at words e're took Offence.
 At *Rome*, in all her Glory, words were free;
 Just Governments can never Jealous be ;
 But when to Tyranny *Rome* did decline,
 VWeak Emperours with *Delatores* join
 To plague the people, and themselves undo ;
 For when they're fear'd they must be hated too. }
 And whom Men hate with Ruin they'll pursue. }
 One VVitness and a Circumstance for *Facts*,
 Is not enough ; we must prove Overt Acts.
 Our happy Government makes no Offence,
 But open and Rebellious Violence.
 VWhich we to quell no standing Army need,
 Nor can Dragoons upon free Quarter feed ;
 Booted Apostles we have none, that come
 To knock and beat Men to the Church of *Rome* ;
 VWhen its Butt-end prevails not, Torments will,
 For *Lewis* is not yet so Merciful to kill.
 Here we divided from the troubled VVorld,
 Rest and are into no Confusions hurl'd ;
 For all our wants does our wise State provide
 Here evry Vacant place is still supply'd,
 VVith Persons that are duly qualify'd ;
 No favour raises a Desertless Knave,
 Nor Infamy, nor yet the Gold he gave:
 How would all Subjects envy us, shou'd we
 Publish the secrets of our Hierarchy ?

The True Way to Honour.

I.

Wou'd you (*Sir*) attain that Honour,
 Favourites neither know nor mind,
 March under Vertue's Noble Banner,
 Change not Faith with each Court *Wind*.
 Neither pray to *Saint* nor *Lady*,
 Their Religion's but a Jest,
 Who kneel down to a painted *Baby*,
 Worshipping the *Roman Beast*.

II.

Why in the Youth yet Interessed,
 That's a point I can't reach,
 Cause Monarchs have the Sparks address'd,
 Must that belief and Duty teach?
 Well, since we may not dispute that matter,
 This I hope will be confess'd,
 Who build their *Faith* on Holy *Water*,
 Worship to the *Roman Beast*.

III.

In short, the best way to promotion,
 Is to make the Laws your Rule,
 And truckle to such blind Devotion,
 Which does Religion ridicule.
 What tho their Cause a while prevails,
 Stick you to that endures the Test,
 Let them cry up their P—— of W——,
 Who worship to the *Roman Beast*.

A New Litany.

To the Tune of, *Cook Lawrei invited the Devil his Guest, &c.*

FROM Jesuitical Polls, who proudly Expose
The only Bulwark 'twixt them, and their Foes,
To Ramble i'th' Night to see Rare shows ;

For ever Good Lord deliver me.

From a Pious Wife K—— who lets his reign pass,
In raising of *Villains*, and hearing of Mass,
All whose designs still prove but mine A—— ;

For ever, &c.

Who is rid, and impos'd on, by many a score
Of Priests, Mac's, and Footmen, his Q. and his W--
Who to make his Foes Rich, will make his Friends

For ever, &c. (Poor ;

Who without doing business still o're it does Buz,
Takes always wrong Measures in all that he does,
As preposterous in State as H—— in's Cloaths ;

For ever, &c.

Who has made his Religion a Ridiculous Jest,
And sells all his Friends to buy off the Test,
Yet gives it his Servants from biggest to least ;

For ever, &c.

From a P—— ce in whose word and promise no trust is,
And a Court without Conscience, Honour and Justice,
Who's business, Pride, Flattery, Intrest, and Lust is ;

For ever, &c.

From

From a blinking Confessor, as free of his Word,
And as slack in performance as his disciplin'd Lord,
Whose Merits in time may meet with a Cord;

For ever, &c.

From Petres that positive Politick Sage,
Who flams upon Heav'n, and comforts his Age,
In filling his Coffers, and Bugg'ring his Page;

For ever, &c.

From a Turn-coat, Mail-setting, King-killing Rascal,
Who spight of those Villanies, which he's past all,
Is become a Kings Favourite, ev'n from a Stall;

For ever, &c.

From a Hosier prefer'd before all the State blocks,
From Preaching in Tubs, and footing of Socks,
And giving Quack Bills to cure the Pox;

For ever, &c.

Who had hang'd in *Honest*ead with a handsomer face,
And the Joiner had gain'd the Counsellours place,
If to impeach first he had had but the Grace;

For ever, &c.

From a Nation, which now in so woful a case is,
To be call'd by Church Cheats, and Jesuitical Clashes,
Who their Politicks learn from whipping boys A—

For ever, &c.

*Epitaph on the Lord Fairfax, by the
Duke of Buckingham.*

UNder this Stone does lye,
One Born for Victory;

Fairfax the Valiant, and the only He,
Who e'er for that alone a Conqueror would be.

Both

Both Sexes Vertues were in him combin'd :
 He had the Fierceness of the Manliest Mind,
 And eke the Meekness too of Woman-kind.
 He never knew what Envy was, or Hate :
 His Soul was fill'd with Wroth, and Honesty ;
 And with another thing, quite out of date,
 Call'd Modesty:

I I.

He ne'er seem'd Impudent, but in the Field ; a Place
 Where Impudence it self dares seldom show her Face:
 Had any stranger spy'd him in the Room
 With some of those whom he had overcome,
 And had not heard their Talk, but only seen
 Their gesture and their mean,
 They wou'd have sworn he had the Vanquish'd been;
 For as they brag'd, and dreadful wou'd appear,
 While they their own ill lucks in War repeated,
 His Modesty still made him blush, to hear
 How often he had them Defeated.

I I I.

Through his whole Life, the Part he bore
 Was Wonderful, and Great,
 And yet, it so appear'd in nothing more,
 Than in his private last retreat :
 For it's a stranger thing, to find
 One Man of such a Glorious mind
 As can dismiss the Pow'r h' has got,
 Than Millions of the Polls and Braves,
 Those despicable Fools and Knaves,
 Who such a Pother make,
 Through dulness and mistake
 In seeking after Pow'r, but get it not.

I V.

IV.

When all the Nation he had won,
And with expence of Blood had bought,
Store great enough he thought
Of Fame and of Renown;
He then his Arms laid down,
With full as little Pride
As if he had been of his Enemies side,
Or one of them cou'd do that were undone :
He neither Wealth, nor Places fought ;
For others, not himself, he Fought.

He was content to know,
For he had found it so,
That, when he pleas'd, to Conquer, he was able,
And left the Spoil and Plunder to the Rabble :
He might have been a King ;
But that he understood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjustly Great, than Honorably good.

V.

This, from the World, did Admiration draw,
And, from his Friends, both Love and Awe,
Remembring what in Fight he did before :
And his Foes lov'd him too,
As they were bound to do,
Because he was resolv'd to Fight no more, (we,
So, bless'd of all, he Dy'd ; but far more bless'd were
If we were sure to live, till we cou'd see
A Man as Great in War, in Peace as Just, as he.

*A Match, between the keen Razor, and
the dull Ax, 1683. Occasioned by
the death of the Lord Russel and the
E. of Essex.*

TEN Pounds to a Crown, (who will make the
On *Bomini's* head, against *Squire Catch*; (match)
Whose Instrument shall make most quick dispatch:

The Noble Razor, or the Ax
In Bulk, (perhaps) not Virtue, lacks;
Which, by rare slight of hand, can do
More at one stroke, than that at two:
So Gems are precious, which unite
In little Orbs, great Rays of Light:
More subtle than th' Incharmed Sword;

Which flew twice o'er
The Knight, once slain before;
For thou cou'dst kill,
Against thy will,
And his, and ours, a Noble Lord.

I I.
Dead doing Tool! surely just Fate
Will dub thee now the Ax of State;
If first the grateful Heav'ns shall not Translate

The thither, to maintain
The Regiment of C—— his VVain:
But gentle Muse, I pray thee tell,
What made that Hack, this Shave so well:
And why the dapper *Monfieur* can
Out-do the heavy *Englishman*?

Did the old Ax, on that great day,

It went away

To Rome, to be Enshrin'd,

Steal all the Steel ; and only Iron leave behind ?

Or did the Hone

Sharpen the Rafor, to the Ax give none ?

III.

VVou'd you this Riddle understand ;

Distinguish 'twixt the Butcher's clumsy Hand,

And the invisible Command,

Divines allow, the unseen Powers

May wonders work ; and why not ours,

VVhether on Scaffolds, or in Towers ?

All you, whose Lot

It once may be to go to Pot,

VVhen e'er the State shall hit your Blot ;

And you whose Heads by sullen Fates

Are doom'd to fall at these hard rates :

Pray use your Barbers cheaper Art,

And let your bungling Butchers bear no Part.

Now, for a curious Youth to cut your Throats,

VVho (on occasion fine, and neat)

VVill do the clever Feat ;

Let trusty *Monsieur* preingage your ready Votes.

A New Litany in the Year, 1684.

FROM Immoderate Fines and defamation,
FROM *Braddons* Pennyleſs Subornation,
And from a Bar of Affaſſination,

Libera nos, &c.

From

From a Lawyer that scolds like an Oyster Wench,
 From an *English* Body, and a Mind that is *French*,
 And from the new *Bonner* upon the Bench,

Libera nos, &c.

From the Partial Preaching that is now in Fashion,
 From Divinity to undo a Nation,
 From Wooden Shoes, and Transubstantiation,

Libera nos, &c.

From the Nonfencial cant of a Loyal Addressor
 From the Impudent Shams of Popish Professor,
 And from Protestant Zeal in a Popish Successor,

Libera nos, &c.

From all those *Esau's* within their Nonage,
 That would both our Laws and Liberties Forage,
 And sell their Birthright for a Mess of a Court Pot-
 tage,

Libera nos, &c.

From Juries that Murther do Justice call,
 And undoing of Men a Matter but small,
 And from the Star-Chamber in *Westminster-Hall*,

Libera nos, &c.

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*The Fable of the Pot and Kettle, as it
was told by Collonel Titus the Night
before he Kiss'd the Kings Hand.*

AS down the Torrent of an angry Flood,
An Earthen Pot, and a Braſs Kettle flow'd;
The heavy Caldron, ſinking and diſtreſs'd
By his own Weight, and the fierce Waves oppreſs'd,
Slily beſpoke the lighter Veſſels Aid;
And to the Earthen Pitcher friendly ſaid,
Come, Brother, why ſhould we divided loſe
The ſtrength of Union, and our ſelves expoſe
To the Inſults of this poor paltry Stream,
Which with united Forces we can ſtem?
Tho different heretofore have been our Parts,
The Common Danger reconciles our Hearts;
Here, lend me thy kind Arm to break the Flood.
The Pitcher this New Friendſhip underſtood,
And made this Answer; Tho I wiſh for Eaſe
And Safety, this Alliance does not pleaſe;
Such different Natures never will agree,
Your Conſtitution is too rough for me;
If by the Waves I againſt you am toſt,
Or you to me, I equally am loſt;
And fear more Miſchief from your hard-end-ſide,
Than from the Shores, the Billows, or the Tide:
I calmer Days and ebbing Waves attend,
Rather than buoy you up, and ſerve your end,
To periſh by the Rigor of my Friend.

M

The

The Moral.

Learn hence (*ye Whigs*) and act no more like Fools,
 Nor trust their Friendship who would make you Tools;
 While empty Praises and smooth Flatt'rys serve;
 Pay with feign'd Thanks, what their feign'd smiles deserve:
 But let not the Alliance farther pass,
 For know that you are Clay, and they are Brass.

Epitaph on Harry Care.

A True Dissenter here does lye indeed,
 He ne'er with any, or himself agreed;
 But rather than want subjects to his spight,
 Wou'd Snake-like turn, and his own Tail wou'd bite.
 Sometime, 'tis true, he took the faster side,
 But when he came by suff'ring to be try'd,
 The Craven soon betray'd his Fear and Pride: }
 Thence, *Settle-like*, he to recanting fell
 Of all he wrote, or fanci'd to be well;
 Thus purg'd from good; and thus prepar'd by evil,
 He fac'd to *Rome*, and marcht off to the Devil.

A New Way to Honour.

Wou'd you be a Man of Honour,
 Wou'd you be advanc'd to Place,
 Take Measures from good Bishop *Bonner*,
 And Maxims from *Tyrconnel's* Grace?

Pray

Pray to a Lady that can hear ye;
Who, as She's Greateſt, is the Beſt;
Your Suit is granted, never fear ye,
If you'l worſhip to the Eſt.

I I.

Next in her Son get intereſſed,
That's a Point muſt be believ'd;
Mighty Kings have been Addreſſed,
Monarchs cannot be deceiv'd.
Come, come, ne'er diſpute the Matter,
That Religion muſt be beſt,
Which purges ſin with Holy Water,
Therefore worſhip to the Eſt,

I I I.

In ſhort, if you wou'd gain Promotion,
Do as Holy Church Commands,
Be conſtantly at her Devotion,
And ſerve her with your Heart and Hands:
Tis our Religion now prevails,
Therefore ſtill maintain the Jeſt,
Swear Fealty to the P—— of W——
And worſhip always to the Eſt.

*A Lenten Prologue refus'd by the Play-
ers, 1682.*

O Ur Prologue-Wit grows flat: the Naps worn off;
And howſoe'er We turn, and trim the Stuff,
The Gloſs is gone, that look'd at firſt ſo gaudy;
'Tis now no Jeſt to hear young Girls talk Baudy.
But Plots, and Parties give new matter birth;
And State Diſtractions ſerve you here for mirth!

M 2

At

At *England's* cost Poets now purchase fame
 While Faction's Heats destroy us, without Shame }
 These wanton *Neroes* fiddle to the Flame.
 The Stage, like old Rump pulpits, is become
 The Scene of News, a furious Party's Drum.
 Here Poets beat their Brains for Volunteers,
 And take fast hold of *Asses* by their Ears.
 Their jingling Rhime for Reason here you swallow;
 Like *Orpheus* Musick makes Beasts to follow.
 What an enlightning Grace is want of Bread? (Head!
 How it can change a Libeller's Heart, & clear a *Laureate's*
 Open his Eyes till he the Mad Prophet see Medals
Plots working in a future power to be p. 41.
 Traitors unform'd to his *Second Sight* are clear; }
 And Squadrons here, and Squadrons there appear; }
 Rebellion is the *Burden* of the *Seer*.
 To *Bays* in Vision were of late reveal'd
 Whigg *Armies*, that at *Knightsbridge* lay conceal'd. (Reher.
 And tho no mortal Eye could see't before Com. p. 31.
The Battel was just entering at the Door! Rehear.
 A dangerous *Association*—sign'd by None! Comedy
 The Joyner's Plot to seize the King alone! p. 52.
Stephen with *College* made this Dire compact;
 The watchful *Irish* took 'em in the Fact — }
 Of riding arm'd! Oh Traiterous Overt Act!
 With each of 'em an ancient Pistol sided;
 Against the Statute in that Case provided.
 But why was such an Host of Swearers prest?
 Their succour was ill Husbandry at best.
Bays's crown'd Muse by Sovereign Right of Satyr,
 Without desert can dub a man a Traitor.
 And *Toryes*, without troubling Law, or Reason,
 By Loyal Instinct can find Plots and Treason.

But here's our Comfort, though they never scan
 The Merits of the Cause, but of the Man,
 Our gracious Statesmen vow not to forsake
 Law — that is made by Judges whom they Make.
 Behind the Curtain, by Court-Wires, with ease
 Thy turn those Plyant Puppets as they please.
 With frequent Parliaments our hopes they feed,
 Such shall be sure to meet—but when there's Need.
 When a sick State, and sinking Church call for 'em,
 Then 'tis our Tories most of all abhor 'em.
 Then Pray'r, that Christian Weapon of defence,
 Grateful to Heaven, at Court is an Offence,
 If it dare speak th' untamper'd Nations sense.
 Nay Paper's Tumult, when our Senates cease;
 And some Mens Names alone can break the Peace.
 Petitioning disturbs the Kingdom's Quiet ;
 As choosing honest Sheriffs makes a Ryot.
 To punish Rascals, and bring *France* to Reason,
 Is to be hot, and press things out of Season ;
 And to damn Popery is *Irish* Treason.
 To love the King, and Knaves about him hate,
 Is a Fanatick Plot against the State.
 To Skreen his Person from a Popish Gun
 Has all the mischief in't of *Forty One*.
 To save our Faith, and keep our Freedom's Charter,
 Is once again to make a Royal Martyr.
 This Logick is of Tory's deep inditing
 The very best they have—but Oaths, and Fighting.
 Let 'em then chime it on, if 'twill oblige ye,
 And *Roger* vapour o'er us in *Effgie*.
 Let 'em in Ballads give their folly Vent,
 And sing up Nonsense to their Hearts content.
 If for the King (as All's pretended) they
 Do here drink Healths, and curse, sure we may pray,

Heaven once more keep him then for *Healing Ends*,
 Safe from old Foes—but most from his new Friends!
 Such Protestants as prop a *Popish Cause*,
 And Loyal Men, that break all Bounds of Laws!
 Whose Pride is with his Servants Salaries fed,
 And when they've scarce left him a Crust of Bread,
 Their corrupt Fathers foreign Steps to follow,
 Cheat even of scraps, and that last Sop would swal-
French Fetters may this Isle no more endure; (low.
 Spite of *Rome's Arts* stand *England's Church* secure,
 Not from such Brothers as desire to mend it,
 But false Sons, who designing worse to rend it }
 With leud *Lives*, and no *Fortunes* would defend it. }

Dangerfield's Ghost to J—

R *Evence! Revenge!* my injur'd *Shade* begins
 To haunt thy guilty Soul, and scourge thy sins:
 For since to me thou ow'st the heaviest score,
 Whose *Living* words tormented thee before, }
 When *Dead*, I'm come to plague thee yet once more. }
 Don't start away, nor think thy *Brafs* to hide,
 But see the dismal *shape* in which I dy'd!
 My Body all deform'd with putrid Gore,
 Bleeding my *Soul* away at every Pore;
 Pusht faster on by *Francis*, less unkind;
 My Body swoln, and bloated as thy *Mind*.
 This dangling *Eye-Ball* rolls about in vain, }
 Never to find its proper *seat* again, }
 The hollow *Cell* usurpt by Blood and *Brain*:
 The trembling *Jury's* Verdict ought to be
Murder'd at once, by *Francis*, and by *Thee*.

The Groans of Orphans, and the pondrous guilt
Of all the Blood that thou hast ever spilt ;
Thy Counteys Curse, the Rabbles Spite, and all
Those Wishes sent thee since thy long-wisht Fall ;
The Nobles just Revenge, so bravely bought,
For all the Ills thy Insolence has wrought :
May these and more their utmost force combine,
Joyn all their Wrongs, and mix their Cries with mine.

And see, if Terror has not struck thee blind ;
See here a long, a ghastly Train behind !
Far, far, from utmost W E S T they crowd away,
And hov'ring o'er, fright back the sickly Day ;
Had the poor Wretches sinn'd as much as Thee,
Thou shoudst not have forgot Humanity :
Who'er in Blood can so much pleasure take ?
Tho an ill Judge wou'd a good Hang-man make.
Each hollows in thy Ears, — Prepare ! Prepare
For what thou must, yet what thou canst not bear !
Each, at thy Heart a bloody Dagger aims,
Upward to Gibbets point, downward to endless Flames.

The Troop at Beaconsfield and their March.

A Medley of Ruffians, bound up in a Band,
The shame of their Sex, & the Pest of the Land,
Like Blood-hounds train'd up to the Word of Com-
mand.
To hunt in a Pack, who single wou'd flye,
And tho fierce to others, yet suppliant lye
To be beat by their Keepers, like Dogs, till they cry.

Each one in Armor, like a Crab in his Case,
On a Horse that can wisely find for him his Place,
And place his Red Nose to his Leaders broad A-se.

I V.

With a Curse at his Mouth, and a Shot in his Gun,
The one to storm Quarters, the other storm Town,
And a Sword that 'gainst Poultry has Miracles done.

V.

With Tears of the March from Balfard-big-Whore,
Petitions and Curses from Tapster for Score,
And honest Men's Wishes to see 'em no more.

V I.

The Trumpet their Actions and Order does sound,
The Corporal aloud must the Meaning expound
To each Horse how his Rider must keep to his

V I I.

The Files being straitn'd; the Ranks being even,
And all things reduced to Sixes and Sevens,
The Blundering Lieutenant swears Thanks up to

V I I I.

(Heaven.

The Captain then struts on his *Barbary-Nag*,
Looks Grim, and the Cornet advances the Flag,
The Trumpet does sound, and then marches Tag-rag.

I X.

The Dogs they do bark, and the Poultry run,
Their meeting on each hand the Passengers shun,
And Curses are after them shot from the Town.

X.

Where springs a glad Din 'mongst the Girls and the
The Females they lift up the Heart and the Voice,
The Whores to Lament, and the Chast to rejoice.

X I.

XI.

(dole

The Countrey and Towns-men do meet, and con-
For what has been scor'd, and what has been stole,
For Damages, Cuts, and for Knocks on the Pole.

XII.

But when they examine, and find that the Tub,
Tho mightily wrong'd, yet retaineth some Bub,
They drink, and shake hands, to each Loss and each

XIII. (Drub.

Good God! when a Prince thou dost give us again,
Such Faith and such Principles in him ordain,
His Friends may live Safely, and he without Pain.

XIV.

By the Laws of the Land, and Melitia's old Force,
Instead of these Legions of Foot and of Horse,
And Irish Dragoons than Devils far worse.

XV.

Then *France* may her Models of Government keep,
Our Seamen return, and go plow on the Deep,
And Justice and Trade may revive from their sleep.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Gather your Rose-Buds, &c.*

KEEP to the Church, while yet you may,
Now Sects are still a growing,
And Popery that buds to day,
To Morrow will be blowing.

II.

II.

We Dance, an endless Circle round,
 Like Fairies in Religion,
 While the *Italian* gets the Ground;
 And calls us senseless Widgeon.

III.

The Presbyterian leads the Van,
 And next the Independent,
 The Dapper Quaker then comes in
 But Popery's the end on't.

IV.

Then be not Wedded to the New,
 But in the Old way tarry,
 For having once but left the New,
 You may for ever vary.

A true and full Account of a late Conference between the wonderful Speaking-Head and Father Pulton, as it was related by the Heads own Mouth to Dr. F——r, 1686.

I That was once an humble Logg,
 The pissing Post for every Rogue;
 And did hope for nothing higher,
 Than to grace a *Chrismas* Fire,
 From th' Element escaped hard,
 By th' Favour of F——et Shepherd;

VVho, being a Friend to *Mathematicks*,
 Do's for *Virtuoso's* lay Tricks ;
 Did procure a Man of Art,
 That gave me Voice Articulate,
 Taught me Tongues the most difficile,
 To sing *Sawney*, Laugh and VVhistle.
 Follow'd now by Court and City,
 I confound with my strange Ditty,
 Both the Learned and the VVitty :
 And make all the Talk at *Bettys*,
 By the help of my Friend P . . s.
 For you VVits were always good
 To the Family of VVood,
 And before kept such a puther
 VVith the Groaning Board my Brother,
 Some Men think you know our Mother.
 And I hope both you and they Sir,
 VVill favour me sweet Dr. F-r,
 To help me out but with one Jest ;
 Let me alone for all the rest ;
 For my wondrous Voices sound,
 Is much admir'd by the *Beau Mond*,
 VVho to me pay more Devotion
 Than to pretty *Punches* Motion.
 Many a Lady bright and fine
 Lays her Cherry Lips to mine,
 And without offence I smack her
 Till I rub off all my Lacker ;
 VVith that Sex I more prevail
 Than any Head that wants a Tail.
 The King to Court sent for my Timber
 As kind as if I had been a Member,
 And found me an obedient Head
 That did agree to all he said ;

VVhich

Which being strange, pleas'd him so much,
 He wish'd that all the House were such;
 And 'twould much advance his Cause,
 If such Noddles could make Laws:
 This indeed 's a mighty Comfort,
 But, alas ! I am paid home for't.
 Busy Priests with their Disputing,
 Reasoning, Arguing. and Confuting,
 Who with Charms Ecclesiastick,
 Can make good *Catholick* of a Stick :
 Do torment and plague me more
 Than without Ears I ever bore ;
 May I be a Logg again,
 To avoid their Noisy Train.
Pulton t'other Night did come,
 (If I Lie, may I be Dumb,
 Or may a Plague I wish my Foes,
 Will R---s blow into my Nose,)
 And brought a Letter sign'd *S. Petre*,
 That he'd privately Confer with me.
 I at the Challenge did not flinch,
 But bid him sit down on my Bench ;
 And since he had so good a Warrant,
 Blow in my Mouth, and tell his Errand.
 Says he, I *Missionary* come,
Ad Partes Infidelium ;
 For your Faith cannot be good,
 That springs from Shepherds and hard Wood:
 I to all Blockheads am the Legate,
 And gain some in spite of *Clegat*.
 They alone our Business must do,
 Who han't a grain of Sense to trust to.
 'Tis not my Province to Confute
 Those that think and can Dispute ;

And here we need not such Expences,
 Since our Nation suits our Senses.
 Nothing is so apt and fit
 For our Doctrine, as your Wit,
 And he is most our Enemy
 Who is most removed from thee.
 Oh! happy Off-spring of the *Maple*,
 To praise thee enough I am not able.
 Oh! what comfort dost thou show Men
 In thy lucky Faces *Omen*?
 Times will come again, I see,
 When *England* shall adore a Tree;
 When Oracles old Poets shall utter,
 Wafers bleed, and Flints sweat Butter.
 If in Mother Church you stood,
 You'd do Wonders like the Rood;
 In her Sacred Bosom foster'd,
 What might we hope from such a Costard;
 For you might convert the Nation,
 Since you speak by Inspiration.

While he thus foam'd with Holy Rage,
 B — y with pale Visage,
 To bring my late Conveyance home,
 Came by chance into the Room,
 And look'd on him as well as me,
 Like Ghost of little *Shaftsbury*;
 The frightned Priest let fall the Matter,
 And headlong down the Stairs did clatter;
 Nor could sustain in any place
 The Terror of that hated Face.
 I in this Deliverance blest,
 Got in my Chest, and went to rest.

*A new Address to Mr. Bays, on his late
Conversion to the Church of Rome.*

HAst thou at last that Mother Church too quitted,
To which thy Laymans Faith so oft submitted?
To gain whose Grace, and keep thy self from want,
Thou didst thy Fathers Principles recant ;
Sinn'd against all the sense thou didst inherit,
And choak'd the Motions of thy Grandfire's Spirit.
Has then establish'd VVorship lost her Charms?
And does blind Admirer *Bays* fly to an Outlaws arms?
She who thy VVit to joyn with Law still bred,
And of thy Conscience had the Maidenhead ;
VVho nurs'd with Care thy pliant-passive Nature,
And sanctify'd thy base-time-serving Satyr ;
Can she e're lose that true Adorers Heart, (part?
VVhom from Bawd R---s three Shankers could not
Thou, who thy Neck, thy Ears, thy Soul did venture,
To libel *Whiggs*, art thou turn'd a *Dissenter* ?
VVell doth this Change, which thou to curse may'it
Expound thy blustering for Prerogative ; (live,
Some Sense those Rhymes had, which we thought all
This is the Key to thy complying Cant ; (Rank,
Drawing the Curtain from Long-framing Scenes,
Thou tell'st us (now at last) what [*Loyal*] means,
See here, ye Sots who serv'd the same vile Cause,
The end of Faith, that hangs on Human Laws !
VVere with more ease did Love from friendship
Than *Toryism* up to Popery will flow. (grow,

From

From having sold, with a Poetic Dotage,
 Our ancient Birthrights for a Mess of Pottage;
 From a Defence of Civil Cheat, and Nonsense,
 VVith a Brass-Forehead, and Case-hard'n'd Consci-
 Like a Bilow, who durst all Laws defy, (ence,
 To like Imposture in a Church thou dost for a safety
 After long Floating to a Faith thou'rt driven, (fly;
 Where all thy villany may be forgiven,
 Nay us'd, and hallow'd, to restore her see,
 Rome has no Hope while Men from Force are free, }
 But by such Fortune-Followers, as Thee.
 How did the Whore open her filthy Breast,
 And with spread Arms receive a Rogue profess!
 Methinks already with the Beasts own brand
 Mark'd, in her Calender I see thee stand!
 Hard by the Noble Army of Church-braves,
 Among the goodly Fellowship of Knaves!
 Who, to allay the Ferment of Divisions, }
 Have into Veins Basilic made Incisions, }
 And play'd the Devils Part in Apparations;
 To give fresh Dread to the Pope's slighted Thunders,
 Have at the Altar acted Lying Wonders,
 As Boys do Proverbs, and reviv'd the spell,
 To prove Impossible by Miracle,
 The better with their Bubble to succeed, }
 And Faith in Stubborn-Stony-Hearts to bleed, }
 Made Pictures bow, and broken Wafers bleed; }
 VVhen e're this Bitch, their spiritual Mother, will'd,
 Their Countrey's Father have depos'd or kill'd;
 Brought Hecatombs of Hereticks to the Flame,
 And VVorlds laid wast to spread her impious Name.
 This Party may'st thou never disavow,
 Ne're were thy Morals so well-match'd, as now,

Fact,

Fact, Scripture, Reason, Common sense defying,
 'Tis they alone could equal thee in Lying :
 Since Man in Gods Name cheated, never yet
 Was Church for Saint, or Saint for Church more fit.
 Oh, may'st thou reason for it, as of late
 Thou did'st in Prefaces for the Crown and State !
 In spite of a *Fr*—League, and Jesuit's Wit,
 Such fulsome Fooling might preserve us yet ;
 Such *Teaguish* Arguments, to whipeone's *Br*—,
 VVould turn Men's stomachs, worse than the *K--S*—.
 Since in low Fawning thou do'st so delight,
 Art siding still with Power against Right,
 And, like a *Turk*, success in Peace, or VVar,
 To all the Moral virtues do'st prefer,
 As the worst Curse we can with *England's* Foe,
 May'st thou at last truly a *Papist* grow ;
 So many Heav'n's wrath confound thy servile Brain, }
 Thou may'st in Earnest all their Trash maintain, }
 Damn'd to believe what now thou do'st but feign ? }
 Since on *Rome's* Truth thou wou'd'st have all relye,
 That be thy Comfort, when thou com'st to dye ;
 VVhen all the Terrors of grim Death attend thee,
 Have not one vertuous Action to befriend thee ;
 No, in the Church's Pale think thy self safer,
 And find no God to save thee, but her VVafer ;
 For thy past Life full of a just Confusion, }
 And given over to a strong Delusion, }
 Put thy sole Trust in a Priest's Absolution ; }
 Let his vain Uñction, on thy outward skin,
 Be thought to heal thy ulcerous Soul within ;
 Take for the Balm which *Gilead* did afford,
 And have no hope of Heaven, but his word.

A Short Letany.

To the Tune of *Cook Laurel*.

I.

FROM an old Inquisition and new Declaration,
From Freedom of Conscience and Whig-To-
leration,
'Gainst Conscience imposing upon the whole Nation,
For ever, Good Lord, deliver me!

II.

From Knaves wou'd set up a Dispensative Power,
To pull down the Test, to which we have swore,
By imposing a greater than any before,
For ever, &c.

III.

From the Courts Triumvirate Counsel in vain,
The Father Confessor, that Cheater of Men,
The Hypocrite *Lobb*, and the Jesuit *Pen*,
For ever, &c.

IV.

From losing the Set in a Passion and Flame,
By taking seven Men up, and hoping the same,
To recover by playing an After-back-game,
For ever, &c.

V.

From a Schismatick State and a Catholick Court,
From picking a Jury in hopes to be for't,
By Lopping the Bishops the Church to support,
For ever, &c.

VI.

From a Puritans Malice and a Jesuits Spite,
 From shewing our Teeth without Pow'r to bite,
 Against our own Conscience from doing of Right,
 For ever, &c.

VII.

From making a Pannel the Prelates to blast,
 In hopes with St. Peter their Lordships to cast,
 And finding it all *Ignoramus* at last,
 For ever, &c.

The E. of Essex's Ghost, 1687.

FROM the blest Regions of Eternal Day,
 VVhere Heaven-born Souls imbibe th' Immortal
 VVhere Liberty and Innocence reside. (Ray;
 Free from the Gripes of Tyranny and Pride;
 VVhere pious Patriots that have shed their Blood
 For Sacred Truth, and for the publick good,
 Now rest secure from thence, (poor Isle) I come
 To see thy Sorrows and bewail thy Doom;
 Thy fore Oppressions and thy piercing Cry,
 Disturbs our Rest and drowns our Harmony.
 VVhen stiff-neck'd *Israel* did their God reject,
 And in his stead an Idol-King erect:
 Heav'n's flaming Sword he brandish'd in his Hand,
 And dreadful Thunder struck their sinful Land;
 Till Penitence atton'd his sinful Ire,
 And quench'd the Rage of his consuming Fire.

But this poor Land still feels the dire effect
 Of his just VVrath, who his mild Reign reject.
 Unhappy Isle, how oft has thou been curst
 VVith f—lish? but this of all's the worst.
 The Fire, the Plague, the Sword, are dreadful Fiends;
 This R—l Plague all others far transcends.
 From him the Fountain all our Mischiefs flows,
 From him the Fire, from him the VVar arose.
 VVith *Rome* he Plots Religion to o'rthrow,
 VVith *France* Combines, t' enslave the People too.
 No Man must near his Sacred Person come,
 Except he be for Tyranny and *Rome*.
 VVith hardned Face h' assaults the frail and fair,
 Uses his Power the Vertuous to enslave.
 VVith Troops of *Vice* he conquers *Liberty*,
 Depresses Vertue, enthrones *Tyranny*,
 Threatens the Coward, fawns upon the bold,
 Debauches all with Power or with Gold.
 Lift up thy Head, afflicted Isle, and hear,
 The time of thy Deliverance draws near;
 His full blown Crimes will certainly pull down
 A slow, but sure Destruction of his Crown.
 His toathed Acts thy Freedom's Birth shall cause,
 Secure Religion, produce wholsom Laws.
 No more the Poor the Rich one shall devour,
 No more shall Right yield t' Oppressive Power:
 No more shall Rapine make the Country groan,
 Nor Civil VVars shall reign within the Town:
 The Iron Scepter, and the Tyrant's Hand,
 Shall cease henceforth to bruise thy happy Land.
Rome's Hocus Pocus Ministers no more
 Shall cause Mankind their Jugling Priests t' adore:
 Thy *Learned Clergy* shall confound them all,
 And they, like *Ely's* Sons, unpitied fall.

Dark Mists of Errors then must flie away,
 And Hells Delusions shrink from the bright Day.
 Truth's sacred Light in full abundance shall
 Upon thy Teachers and thy People fall.
 So when th' Eternal Son was born to die
 For all the World, the lesser Gods did fly;
 His bright appearance struck their *Prophets* down,
 And Death like silence did their Gods Intomb.
 The tuneful *Spheres* with Hallelujahs rung,
 Heavens mighty Host with Man one Chorus sung:
 Ne're fading Glory unto God above,
 Peace upon Earth, to Men eternal Love.
 Thus the Creation shouted with one Voice,
 Thus Heaven and Earth did at his Birth rejoyce:
 And thus shall all repeat this Song again,
 When upon Earth he shall begin to reign.
 But this loud Isle shall be the chosen place,
 Here shall the King of Kings begin his Race:
Judea was his Cradle, and his Tomb;
Britain shall be his Throne in time to come.

Popish Politicks Unmaskt.

Walking (some ten years since) along the Park,
 One Summer Eve, before it was quite dark;
 I fancied 'mongst a Grove of Trees I spy'd
 A Man stand musing by the Water side:
 I wish'twas but a Fancy, but I doubt
 You'll find it none when you have heard it out.

This Person was a very tall black Man,
Above the common size almost a Span,
His Face was wasted in most piteous sort,
In all things else he was of Royal Port :
But if grim-looks alone Majestick be,
Commend me to that Face for Majesty,
For such it had enough for two or three.
To this Tall Man joyn'd instantly another
Of near his Stature, whom he called Brother,
Richly incircled with a numerous Ring,
Which shew'd he wanted nought but Name of King ;
Some time they silent were, till all were gon ;
Then did the Taller say, Brother gon on,

}
}

Which thus he did ———
I shall, Great Sir, my last Discourse retrieve,
I pray you Good Attention to it give ;
Your Case peculiar is, peculiar too
Must be your Care, or you your self undo ;
For Stations high, with Industry and Wit,
A second way may find, if first don't hit :
But Princes mounted on a Sovereign Throne,
Nor have, nor can have other way but one,
To curb the saucy Vulgar, and pull down
Their Cobweb Rights that circumscribe the Crown.
Tear off your Shackles, make the Bumpkins know
There's none but you Almighty here below.
You spoil your Game, Sir, while you do thus dally ;
Who follows him that standeth, shall I, shall I ?
You Cow the Bold, and Keen the Cowards Heart,
Whilst you, divided, act the doubtful part.
Had you, when *London* was in Flames, but run (done,
And cut the Cits damn'd Throats, your work you'd
You should have made their Blood the Fire to meet,
With Bodies fed the Flames in every Street.

To

To do and undo, suits well with sorry things,
 But 'is beneath the Majesty of Kings:
Cesar, or Nothing's writ on all they do;
 For Monarchs know no Medium 'twixt these two.
 What is't you stick at, Sir? would you retreat?
 Y'are now so far engaged you must beat,
 Or beaten be, ride or be ridden now;
 He never back must look that holds the Plow.
 It may be you not Promise break, nor Oath;
 Pish! All the World well know you can do both.
 With great Advice the other day you said,
 By Parliaments and Counsels you'd be sway'd:
 To day you think it good to let them know
 What e're you said, you ne're intended so:
 Fools to their Word, but Princes great, like you,
 To nought but their Intentions must be true.
 What! Is't the Laws you tender are to break?
 It's well known that's a Scruple but too weak;
 For Laws are nothing else but Ties and Bands,
 On purpose made to shackle Subjects Hands.
 Or, of fit Tool, is't you so doubtful are?
 If that be it, I'll ease you of your Care;
 I Villains of Intrinsick value have,
 And more obedient than a Turkish Slave:
 If you but bid them thrust their bloody Knives
 Into their Fathers Throats, their Childrens Wives,
 Or any but their own, they'll freely do't,
 And lay them sprawling at your Sacred Foot.
 I have my Teagues and Tories at my beck
 Will wring their Heads off like a Chickens Neck;
 Try'd Rogues, that never will so much as start
 To tear from Mothers Belly Infants Heart;
 First Rape, then rip them up, in one half hour
 Two Lusts they'll satiate, do but give them power.

Faint

Faint Rogues will melt, and have their qualms of fear
 At Fathers Groans, or at a Mother's Tear;
 But mine are Monsters, fit for any Prince, (Sense.
 Not plagu'd with Conscience, nor yet plagu'd with
 The Flames of Hell, Horror, eternal Pains,
 The Clergy's Cheats to propagate their Gains;
 They ridicule and scorn to lend their Ear;
 Let Knaves for Profit preach, and Fools go hear
 The Tales of future Bliss, not worth a Rush.
 With them one Bird in Hand's worth two i' th' Bush.
 Others won't serve you but on constant Pay,
 My Hounds will hunt, and live upon their Prey:
 A Virgins Haunch, or well-bak'd Ladies Breast
 To them is better than a Venison Feast:
 Babes Petticoats, cut large with Arms and Leggs,
 They far prefer fore Pettitoes of Pigs:
 Poor Span-long Infants, that like Carps, well stew'd
 In their own Blood, their Irish Chaps have chew'd;
 And Fathers Caus have Candles made, to light
 Those black inhumane Banquets of the Night.
 What e're you'd have, what e're your wishes crave,
 Nod, and 'tis done by my obedient Slaves.
 They know no Scruple, no Command dispute,
 But do't as readily as Turkish Mute.
 You see, Sir, where you are, your Royal Date
 Grows out, if you don't soon support your Fate.
 To shak off Parliaments will be too great,
 And put you in too violent a Sweat;
 To baffle therefore, but not cast them off,
 To hold them still, but hold them still in Scoff,
 Must be your work; for we are weakned so,
 That we must drive the Nail that now will go:
 And that too we must do with gentle hand,
 That tho' they sit, they may not understand.

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When *January* comes, cold and ill way
 VWill call it Love to put them off till *May* ;
 In *May* some odd Intelligence comes newly
 VVon't suffer you to hold them until *July* ;
 And *July* so with heat and sickness vex,
 Pity Prorogues them to *November* next.
 And time is ill spent, if before that day
 VVe be not able to throw Mask away.
 This far exceeds Dissolving in my Mind,
 And gives to our Design a better Blind ;
 For if two Parliaments you slight, I doubt
 The Rogues will then begin to scent us out ;
 For (watchful, with Erected Ears) the Herd
 Stand listning now concern'd, and much as fear'd ;
 A Covey, half o're-spread, half scap'd the Net,
 Are always harder than at first to set :
 So People slipt out of the Noose or Train,
 Are much the harder to be catcht again.
 VWith Prorogations therefore short and soft
 They must be treated ; these repeated oft
 VWill chafe them so, that either mad with rage,
 They'll bring their old Rebellion on the Stage,
 Or sullen sit, and leer on what we do,
 (The far more dangerous humour of the two)
 Their dogged Nature now its Venom vents
 In choosing damn'd and plaguy Parliaments :
 Poor Fools, their Rage does quite out-run their VVit,
 Yet you must never suffer them to sit,
 But mock the Choice, and mock the Session too.
 Another way, Sir, we our work will do ;
 One Plot is better than ten Parliaments,
 Those give you Taxes, these shall give you Rents ;
 A Thousand of the Richest we will scrue
 Into a Plot they ne'r heard of, nor knew.

If Rents 3000*l.* a Day, won't do,
 Ple three times three, by this Plot help you to.
 This, Sir's, your business, and look to your Stuff,
 Is all your care, for we have Rogues enough;
 Do you but Judges get, I'le Juries find;
 Witnesses too, according to our mind,
 Such Spruce Rogues, ah! 'twould do you good to hear
 How daring bold, and bravely they will Swear;
 They're not like *Bedlow*, *Dugdale*, *Oates*, and such,
 Consider first, for fear to speak too much,
 Nor let their Conscience maim their Evidence,
 Through tender fear of hurting Innocence:
 Nor do I care for a Phanatick Noose,
 All are Phanaticks that have ought to lose.
 Judge, Witnesses, and Jury, I'le make sure,
 The Devil's in't if all ben't then secure.
 Yet if this fails, don't you discourag'd be,
 To form new Plots, leave to my Priests and me;
 Like Pins one Plot another shall drive out,
 Till we have brought our only Plot about.
 Our first work is to save our Friends, that done,
 Like shirts t'our backs, we'll have more Plots than one;
 As fast as this fails, t'other we will start,
 Till Plot, like Pox has seiz'd on every part.
 They fain would foil our Plots, and fill your Ears
 With Regicide intents to raise your fears,
 This fruitless Gun, that Dagger stabs your Belly,
 When you know all, better than they can tell ye.
 Go on, Sir, never fear the heedless Herd,
 They have no Courage but when you're afraid:
 On me lay all the faults of Town and Age,
 I'le safely screen you from the Peoples Rage;
 For when ill Accidents our Plots do spoil
 Me they'll call Rogue, but you most sacred stile:

For

For Loyalty aw's them in every thing,
 Tho' you destroy them, yet, God save the King.
 Tho' you them stab and I but hold the Knife,
 Yet still they'll wish your Majesty long life.
 Thus, great Sir, you're the greatest Prince alive;
 If Plots according to our projects thrive;
 And thrive they shall, if you'll but do your part,
 And from proposed methods never start:
 For Plots like Clock-work are; one Pin pull'd out
 Doth all its Order, and its Beauty rout,
 Steady your hand, keep Parliaments at Bay,
 Nor off, nor on, nor VVorking, nor at Play,
 Clip every Tongue you find does hang too long,
 ('Tis taking wind makes every thing scent strong.)
 Thus if you do, ill fortune I'll despise,
 All other things, pray leave to Fate and I:
 And now adieu, I'll dive beneath the show,
 And act my Popish VVill by Art below.

He being gone, in steps a certain Lord,
 VVho had of all was said heard every VVord,
 Great Sir (said he) who can tell what to say?
 If you by Popish Councils mean to sway,
 Curs'd be those Councils! and the Men that do
 Perswade you to our Ruine, and yours too.
 A Thousand Names, Ten Thousand let your Brother
 In's next Book write, if he dare write another:
 Ten Gentrys Names for one that he hath got,
 Nay let him name us all in the next Plot.
 All but the Papists Sir, ——— all but a few
 Of Rome's sworn Vassals and her Clergy Crew.
 Bate but this sort, and then take you the Pole,
 You'll hardly get another *English* Soul.

As soon as will then let your Brother draw
 High'r Huffs, yet he shall never *England* awe,
 On our side stand the People, and the Law!
 For don't mistake, Sir, 'tis by Law alone:
 Your Rights derived to our *English* Throne,
 Set that aside, and make the Law a sham;
 No Sovereign you, nor I a Subject am;
 For that same Law that gives you Dignity,
 Gives me my Life, Fortune and Liberty:
 Pardon, if with less reverence this is said,
 Than doth become a Member to its Head;
 For it sound Doctrine is, tho' Cully Brother
 And Popish Wits would fain find out another.
 Within the Circle of the Law, great Sir,
 I stand, and out of it I'll never stir:
 If to be King you be content, I will
 Pay all Allegiance and Obedience still;
 The Peoples Rights, and all our *English* Laws
 Do make the strongest side the Subjects Cause.
 Nor can your keeping us from Parliaments
 E're futher or advantage your Intent,
 Far greater are the Choosers than the Choice,
England's Free-holders have a mighty voice;
 These we'll unite, these we'll associate,
 And if we can't defend our Lives and Fate
 We'll fairly fall, and Freemen to our Graves,
 VVe'll rather choose to go, than to be Slaves.
 Our Ancesters shan't Curse us in their Tomb,
 Nor shall our Children in their Mothers VVomb
 They left us Free, and we ours Free will leave.
 Or Death, our Hopes and Us shall both deceive.
 Thus said—with angry looks He went his way
 No answer from his greatness could I pray;
 Then I trudg'd too; for vain it was to stay.

On

On *Easter-day* 87. this was found
fixed on the King's Chappel
Door.

WHEN God Almighty had his Palace fram'd,
That Glorious shining Place he Heaven Nam'd;
And when the first Rebellious Angels fell,
He Doom'd them to a certain place, call'd Hell.
Here's Heaven and Hell confirm'd by Sacred Story,
But yet I ne'er could read of Purgatory,
That cleansing place which of late years is found,
For sinning Souls to Flux in till they're sound :
The Priest form'd that for the good Roman Race,
Our Maker never thought of such a place.
Oh *Rome* ! wee'l own thee for a Learn'd wise Nation,
To add a place wanting in Gods Creation.

Upon *K. J. Pistolling a Mastiff*
Dog at Banbury, in his last
Progress.

THE Poets tell us idle Tales to please us,
Of mighty *Persens*, *Hercules*, and *Thesens*;
And several other gallant Héroes too,
Who ev'ry one their several Monsters slew.

The

The *Minotaur* did *Theseus* bravely slaughter,
 And then as bravely Sw—d the Kings own Daughter.
Nemean Lion bold *Heracles* did choak,
 And of his Skin made him a lasting Cloak.
 The far-fam'd *Perseus* kill'd a mighty Whale,
 And all t' enjoy *Andromeda's* brown Tail.
 Historians all the great *St. George* admire,
 For murdering horrid Dragon that spit Fire.
 But what concerns us yet far more to tell,
 One of these Heroes slew the Dog of Hell;
 Renown'd Attempts (you'll all confess) if true,
 But our great J—, did more than this, (*Morbleau*):
 He who before, t' immortalize his Name,
 Lost dreaded *England* all her Naval Fame;
 He who return'd from Belgick Lions Roar,
 When *Sandwich* sunk in sight of *Southwold Shore*;
 He who two Summers but of late sat down
 With all his Forces before *Hounslow Town*,
 And nothing else but bare dishonour won;
 He, when he saw his Loving Friend assail'd
 By furious Mastiff Cur, Ear-snip'd, bob-tail'd,
 Eyes darting Fire, and with his *Boo-woo's* fierce,
 Ready to seize the Lord Lieutenants Horse:
 'Tis true, quoth he, to shew that wondrous Might,
 Which I have long conceal'd from human sight:
 With furious Tone pursuing then his Speech,
Fanatick Dog, forbear my Royal Breech,
 (He cry'd) *For know thou art but bluntly pointed,*
Tho sharp thy Fangs, to touch the Lords Anointed.
 To which the Dog, who never Scripture read,
 And scorn'd to call an Earthly Monarch Dread.
I am no Dog (quoth he) *to fawn and flatter,*
But I address according to my Nature:

However know I am a Dog of Sense,
 That's more than may be said of many a Prince.
 With this the mighty I ——— a Pistol drew,
 Discharg'd, and shot the Mastiff thro' and thro':
 Some say that, *Vulcan*-like, he riv'd his Brain,
 No matter which, the Dog receiv'd his Bane,
 By Royal Hand for saucy Language slain,
 And both got Honour, Dog and Sovereign;
 The Sov'reign had the Honour Dog to kill;
 The Mastiff, that a Prince his Gore did spill.
 Now then, come down from Heaven (ye Cur) come
 (Thou whom the sweltry Summers so renown;) down,
 Resign that Place of thine more justly due
 To this same Dog, whom God's Vice-gerent slew:
 Surely a Dog so dignify'd in Story,
 Is th' only Dog worth Constellations Glory.

And you, who in your Signs St. *George* advance,
 Trampling o're Dragon's Jaws, peirc'd thro' with
 Alter your painting, and set up in place, (Lance,
 The bravest Hero of the Scottish Race,
 Discharging Thunder from his gaudy Saddle,
 And Mastiff-prostrate in a goary Puddle:
 So shall you Truth advance o're Fabulous Toyes,
 And Dog and Monarch both immortalize.

To the Observator.

Hast thou no Friend so kind, to let thee know
 (But thou (lost Wretch) hast neither Friend nor
 That thy insipid Libel's nauseous grown, (Foe)
 No Man will read, or any Party own:

Despis'd by all, who have the least pretence
To Wit, to Business, Learning, or good Sense;
That every little Fool does thee deride,
And ev'n the Clergy have forsokt their Guide.
Canst thou no new, no fresh Diversion bring,
But ever fiddle on the self-same string?
A solemn Blockhead, or brisk old Buffoon,
After the Rates of Influence from the Moon.
Tho Mischief dwells in thy felonious VVill,
The Pow'r is wanting, and thou'rt harmless still:
Thou art an impotent, well-wishing Slave,
But Nature made the Fool outweigh the Knave.
Thou shift'st thy Sails, and changeest every side,
Art ever labouring to save thy Tide.
In vain thy dulness throws thee still behind,
VVhile nimbler Knaves laugh, and thy Prizes find:
Contemn'd by all, of all Recourse bereft,
Thou leav'st old Friends, and by the new are left.
But since 'twere vain th' abandon'd to advise,
And bid a positive old Fool be wise:
VVere I to answer the Fop Observator,
I'd wipe ——— with his Works, piss on their Author.

Old Gammer-Cook.

AS Mother Cook went t'other day
To do the Deed of Nature,
VVhat lay in the way, instead of Hay,
But reverend Observator?
She took it up, and read a Scrap:
Alas! (quoth she) 'tis pity
That Nock shou'd ever have a wipe
VVith Pamphlateer so witty!

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O ingrateful world! must this learn'd Sire
Be'dawb'd, to save our Fingers,
The bawling, Ballad-making-Squire,
That makes such work for Singers?

VVas *Towzer* and *Fidlerio* too,
VVhip-Cat, and *Antipendium*,
Inferiour Clergy's Guide, I tro,
That strikes Dissenting Men dumb?

He whips VVhig-Conventicle Doggs,
And Jears old *Fox's* Martyrs,
He whips the Sister-Saints, and flogs
Susanna's Bouncing Daughters.

Thus far she trumpeted his Praise,
And (squitter squatter) guilt his Bays.

The Drinking Song.

GIVE us Musick with VVine,
And we'll never repine
At prosperous Knaves, but defy 'em ;
Those Politick Sots
Are still weaving of Plots,
So fine, that at last they fall by 'em.

VVe Laugh and we Drink,
And on business ne'r think,
Our Voices and Hautboys still sounding ;
VVhile we dance, play, and sing,
VVe've the world in a string,
And our pleasure is ever abounding.

Your

Your sober dull Knave,
 For VVife is but Grave,
 'Tis Craft, and not VVifdom, employs him:
 VVe nothing Design
 But good Musick and VVine,
 And blessed is he that enjoys them.

*A Dialogue between Father Petre
 and the Devil.*

F. P. **O**H, are you come? 'Tis more than time;
 Your Tardiness is no small Crime;
 All our Designs are at a stand,
 They've got again the upper hand;
 Yet like true Jesuite, I have wrought
 My Charge up to the Point I sought;
 Both Sense and Reason quite or'ethrown,
 For those we deal with must have none.

D. Is this a Conquest to relate,
 Worthy a Jesuitic Pate?
 I have more Trouble with you had,
 Than all the Orders I have made:
 Beside, I joyn'd in the Design
 One, whose fell Malice equals mine;
 One so ambitiously inclin'd,
 Of such an uncontroled Mind,
 That, let the Gulph be ne're so deep,
 Or Pyramids prodigious steep;
 If in th' Extreames thou can'st disclose
 Any that does her Will oppose;

O

Tho'

(Tho' on just Grounds) they meet their Fate
In violent—unbounded Hate.

F. P. I did not call you to discourse,
We must do something now by Force:
Our whole Society is sham'd,
And we in our first Founder damn'd.
Did I, tho' to my Souls Perdition,
Add things more black than my Commission,
Gaining Relief among the Great,
Who forc'd upon themselves the Cheat?
While the good Man I kept at th'Oar,
No Gally Slave e're labour'd more;
Nor durst I let him pause upon't,
Lest, if he thought he shou'd recant;
With puzzling Notions still possess'd him,
At once tormented and carest him;
Hood-wink'd the Pilot that shou'd steer us,
With our infallible Chimeras.

D. Boast not as if you'd Conquest won,
You've started much, and nothing done;
Your Order, wherefoe're they came,
Have set whole Kingdoms in a Flame:
Nor Hell, nor *Rome*, can give you thanks
For acting thus a mad Man's Pranks.
Did I not always to you preach,
The *English* wou'd you over-reach?
They'l be convinc'd e're they believe,
Not pin their Faith upon your Sleeve;
Your publick Chappels have o'rthrown us,
Our very Profelytes disown us;
And face about to th'other Side,
Exclaiming 'gainst the *Roman* Pride.

F. P. VVhat,

F. P. What, do you now complain of me,
 For over-acting Villany?
 I still consulted you in all,
 Did daily for your Conduct call:
 And tho', 'tis true, I nam'd the Saints,
 Yet 'twas to you I made my Plaints.
 I own, about the *French* we fail'd,
 But in the *Irish* we prevail'd:
 Propose once more, and I'll obey't,
 It shall be done if you but say't:
 You know, in such a holy Juggle,
 My seared Conscience ne'r did boggle:
 We must not flag, or sit down here,
 That wou'd declare Remorse or Fear,
 Which Jesuits do more decline,
 Than e're the *Rechabites* did Wine.
 But I have something to impart,
 Which does oppress my tender Heart,
 And made me now invoke you hither,
 Tho' 'gainst your Principles, to gather
 The truth of some important Queres
 Most needful in this dubious Series.

First, if it in you Pow'r does lye,
 Tell me what Death I'm doom'd to dye:
 I dare not hope 't must be in Bed,
 That suits not with the Life I led:
 But if I must be hang'd and quarter'd,
 Let me be canoniz'd and martyr'd,
 With holy *Harcourt*, and his Fellows,
 Like them be Sainted at the Gallows.

The next thing I desire to learn,
 (If you the Secret can discern,

If Truth does in your Bosom lye,
 Which were indeed a Myſtery.)
 Let me in private underſtand,
 Both when, and where, the *Dutch* will Land.
 And laſt, I do this Favour crave,
 Since I have ever been your Slave ;
 Unfold the myſtic Book of Fate,
 And read me *England's* future State,
 Who next ſhall to the Throne ſucceed,
 The *Engliſh* or *Italian* Breed.

The Devil anſwering, laugh'd outright :
 Wou'd I theſe Secrets bring to light,
 I ſhou'd not half that Harveſt gain,
 For which I've taken all this Pain :
 Nor wou'd I, if I cou'd, reveal
 That which my Intereſt bids conceal.
 Yet I will anſwer thee in part,
 Since I've an Intereſt in thine Heart ;
 The firſt, peculiar is to thee,
 For which thou need'ſt not trouble me,
 'Tis what thy ſelf did long foreſee. }
 Nor is it reaſon to believe
 Thou ſhou'd'ſt the Mobile deceive :
 But whether Martyr, or a Traytor,
 Thy Ballad will be Truth's Relator,
 The other two will be made plain,
 When Belgic Lions croſs the Mane.

This ſaid, the Devil left the Father,
 The Meaning of his VVords to gather,
 And vaniſh'd from him down the Stairs,
 VVhile he proceeded in his Pray'rs.

The Metamorphosis.

HAd the late fam'd Lord *Rochester* surviv'd,
 VVe'd been inform'd who all our Plots contriv'd;
 Authors and Actors we had long since seen,
 In sharpest Satyrs they'd recorded been;
 Tho' Captain, Doctor, Lord, Duke, K-g, or Queen:
 His bold and daring Muse had soar'd on high,
 And brought down true Intelligence from the Sky.
 He oft the Court has of its Vices told,
 VVhile Priests pretend they dare not be so bold;
 Tho' they're Heav'n's Messengers, it's Livery wear
 Receive it's bounteous Salary, yet they dare,
 Neglect their Duty, or for Gain or Fear:
 Connive at what's directly opposite,
 And, e're they'l give Offence, each turn a Profelyte:
 VVitness the dismal Change that now is come,
 Long since expected by the Church of *Rome*.
 The Calves of *Dan* and *Bethel* bleat aloud,
 And *Jeroboam* worships in the Crowd;
 Our Upstart Statesmen turn with every VVind,
 That blows from *Rome*, to Sense and Truth are blind.
 But yet, tho' ten of our twelve Tribes shou'd fall,
 And worship *Dagon*, *Ashtaro*, and *Baal*;
 A Remnant will remain, who firm will stand,
 To God, Religion, and their Native Land;
 VVho will not bow themselves to th' *Romish* Yoke,
 Tho' they share *Sydney's* or brave *Russel's* Stroke
 Nor can this *Egypt's* Darkness long remain,
 A Star of *Jesse* will shine out again;

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Scotch Vermines, *Irish* Frogs, *French* Locusts; All
That swarm both at *Saint James's* and *Whitehall* ;
Tho' now advanc'd to all Trust, all Command,
All Offices enjoy by Sea and Land,
Shall, when this Sun doth set, no more appear
Within the Confines of our Hemisphere.

A Princely Branch remains will on us smile,
And spread its goodly Boughs quite o're the Isle ;
Confirm our staggering Hopes, remove our Fears,
And turn to Balm of *Gilead* all our Tears ;
The Church and State shall nourish as before,
Just Judges to the needful Bench restore ;
And throughly purge the Judgment-Seat from those
Who make the Laws themselves the Laws Oppost.
For such there are, and in the highest Place,
VWho their Profession do so much disgrace ;
That many fear their Grievance to unfold,
Where Law and Conscience both are bought and sold.
Our Pulpits too shall be adorn'd with those
VWho turn not with each Blast of VWind that blows ;
VWho dare preach Truth, and dare that Truth
(maintain,

Not mov'd by Threatnings, Frowns, Favor, or Gain ;
That dare declaim against the Sins o'th Nation,
VWhile others of that Tribe embrace the Fashion.
Nor thenceforth shall those Black Coat-Vipers come,
VWho here are daily disemboгу'd from *Rome* ;
VWhere Sins of all Kinds, and of all Degrees,
(The Church Revenues, and the Office Fees
Being discharg'd) Religiously are done,
Tho't be to murder Father, Brother, Son ;
Ravish a Sister, with a Daughter do
VWhat Nature has a just Abhorrence to ;

For which, if Purgatory or Hell you shun,
 Fee the Priests largely, and your Work is done;
 They're Delegates to him that keeps the Keys,
 And can't admit one Soul without the Fees;
 For he, as God, in Heaven and Earth has Pow'r
 To Crown and to Uncrown in the same Hour;
 Unmake and Make, Create and Uncreate,
 To Torments after Death can give a Date;
 From him proceeds inevitable Fate.
 These Imps do now in Crowds each other follow,
 And hope e're long Churches and Bells to hallow;
 To teach you how to worship to the East,
 Prescribe us Fasts, while they themselves do Feast;
 Whole Loads of Reliques they have got together,
 Ay, and Saint *Peter's* Shadow's gliding hither;
 In th'Abbey shortly will be kept a Fair,
 Where you may buy such consecrated Ware,
 As *England* has not seen this hundred Year.
 For 'tis not *France*, nor *Italy*, nor *Spain*,
 That can the thousandth Part of Saints contain;
 For Saints, by Canonizing, do become,
 By an infallible Deception made at *Rome*,
 Not only Omnipresent, but beside,
 One into twenty thousand they divide:
 The like with other Reliques they can do,
Joseph's old Coat, the Virgin *Mary's* Shoe;
 Saint *Peter's* Sword, that cut off *Malchus* Ear;
 The Hoofs o'th' silly Ass which Christ did bear;
 The Right Eye of *John Baptist*, and the Apostle
St. Thomas's Shoulder Blade-Bone, with the Gristle;
 The Virgin *Mary's* Milk, sold by the Quart;
 Nay, th' Blood and Water, which from Jesu's Heart
 Was by a Souldier let out with a Spear,
 By Miracle kept 'bove sixteen hundred year:

Besides all this, more Nails to shew there be,
 That fix'd our Saviour Christ unto the Tree ;
 Than twenty Smiths in a whole Day can make ;
 Yet all these for the same the Church does take.

(this mean ?

Bless me, thought I, good Heaven ! What does
 Such Trumpery by me shall ne'r be seen ;
 No, nor the Monsters, that were nam'd before,
 Altho' a Trumpet stood before the Door,
 And, after dismal Sound on *Ludgate-Hill*,
 VVhere Porcupine of you did cast his Quill ;
 VVhere Crocodile, Rhinoceros, and Baboon,
 VVith other Prodigies are daily show'n ;
 Invite me in, I wou'd not stir I swear,
 To see those more Prodigious —there.

Cæsar's Ghost.

'T'VVas still low Ebb of Night, when not a Star
 Was twinkling in the muffled Hemisphere ;
 But all around in horrid Darkness mourn'd,
 As if old *Chaos* were again return'd ;
 When not one Gleam of the eternal Light
 Shot thro' the solid Darkness of the Night ;
 In dismal Silence Nature seem'd to sleep,
 And all the Winds were buried in the Deep ;
 No whispering *Zephyrus* aloft did blow,
 Nor warring Boughs were murmuring below ;
 No falling Waters dash'd, no Rivers purl'd ;
 But all conspir'd to hush the drowsie World.

When on my Couch in thoughtless Slumbers wrapt
 I lay repos'd ; — My very Soul too slept

In peaceful Dulness, silent and serene,
Till 'twas debauch'd and waken'd into Dream.

Methought I saw a dark and dismal Vault,
Whose Horror cannot be conceiv'd by Thought,
And seem'd by some Infernal Magick wrought :
So vast, and so perplexing intricate,
As if the dreadful Court of Death and Fate ;
And yet of Kings the great Repositer,
And only Royal Dust lyes mouldering here.

Amongst these Monuments of Sacred Fame,
Great *Cesar* stood ; *Cesar*, whose deathless Name,
When Shrines decay, triumphant shall remain,
While Sense, good Nature, Wit, and Love shall reign.

VWhile I with awful Fear and Trembling paid
Humble Oblations to the mighty Dead,
Methought the sweating Marble did unclose,
And from Death's Mansion the dead Monarch rose ;
His Eyes o're all scatter'd a fullen Light,
Such as divides the breaking Day from Night ;
By whose faint Rays the Object I discern'd
All pale — with ghastly Majesty adorn'd.
His stiffen'd Loyns a purple Mantle bore,
His Brows a VVreath of wither'd Lawrels wore,
Such as had flourish'd there in Life before.

Now forth he stalks, silent as Shadows glide,
Or Clouds that skim the Air while they divide,
As quick as thought the faithless Town he pass't,
And towards the *Camp* of wonderous Fame does hast,
VWhile Midnight Fogs surround his awful Head,
And down his Locks their baneful Poyson shed ;
The wandring airy *Demons* at the View,
And all the *Ignis Fatuus's* withdrew ;

Hecate

Hecate let fall, her charm-preparing Weeds, (treads,
 Wondring what unknown Pow'r Earth's Surface
 Which more than that which she invokes, she dreads.
 She flies all frightened with erected Hair,
 And scarce her Broomstaff bears her thro' the Air;
 From his dread Presence every Evil ran,
 Except that more exalted Evil, Man:
 Not the first Race of less corrupted Fiends,
 Till taught by Man, knew half their new-coin'd Sins.

Thrice with Majestick Pace he walks the round
 Surveying the Pavilions utmost bound,
 And useless Grandeur every where he found.
Philippi, nor the fam'd *Pharsalian* Field,
 Did not more signs of Glorious Action yield;
 But this was all for show not Terror made,
 'Twas *Hounslow* Farce, a Siege in Masquerade.

More near he views it yet, and found within,
 All the Degrees of Luxury and Sin;
Asiatia's Sink into this Common-Shore,
 Did all its vile and nasty Nuisance pour;
 Fat Sharpers, Broken Cuckolds, Gamesters, Cheats,
 What *Newgate* disembogues find here Retreats;
 The Groom and Footman from their Livery stript,
 With Scarf, Gay Feather, and Command equipt.
 Promotion gives to Sauciness Pretence,
 And greatness is mistook for Insolence;
 And to evince their Valour every Hour
 Bamboo the Slaves that bow beneath their Pow'r;
 Yet to the Countrey Ladies these appear
 So Novel, witty, *beau, en Cavalier*,
 That scarce a tender Heart is left behind,
 Pray God a Maidenhead you chance to find!

The

The Phantom to that Quarter first resorts,
Where the Illustrious Generals keep their Courts.

I.

Great *F*—— the Foremost of the Crew,
Whose Uncle *Tareign* well cou'd fight we know.
He who so often do's repeat the Jest
How he subdu'd the Monarch of the *West*,
(Or wou'd have done had he not been undrest.)
This rough stern Hero of the *British War*
To Neighbouring Tents is always born in Chair,
For fear of Inconmodement from the Air.

II.

It wonders what did *C*——ll recommend,
VWho never did to Deeds of Arms pretend :
Love, all his Active Youth, his business was,
Love that best suits his handsom Shape and Face.
But Armies are like Verse, whose Dogrel Lines
Are here for Sense, and there for gingling Rhimes.
(Here where *Bellona* lays her Armour by,
And learns to be more charming Company,
VWhere the ill-manner'd God has nought to do :)
Some few for fighting are, but most for show ;
VWhere rich embroidered Cloaks *a la Campagne*
So often shine, unless it chance to rain.
Then Lord, how the Sir *M.* will fret and fling !
Undone, 'tis Spoil'd, e're shown before the King ;
In perfum'd Beds adorn'd they're basking laid,
As fine as young Brides, on Persian Carpets tread,
That o're the spacious Floor in wanton Pride are,
Like Feasting Gods luxurious, and, they say, (spread,
As arrant Fornicators too as they.
None come amiss when Lust their Fancies lead,
Alcmene, nor the sweet-fac'd *Ganymede* ;

And,

And, like those Gods, they all are given to Love,
But none we hear e're thunder'd but old Jove.

III.

Here one the Hero acts in *Lovit's* Arms,
And calls his Passion out in warlike Terms,
Tells of soft Sieges, Batteries and Alarms;
How the Artillery of her Eyes did wound,
And how at the first Onset he gave ground:
He who ne're yet did to a Conqueror bow,
Yet kisses and adores his Fetters now;
VWhile all the Batteeies ever he essay'd,
Have been against some Female Fortless Maid;
But *Love-it*, who has less of Love than Pride,
Being with guilt Coach and Country-house supply'd,
Makes that atone for all Defects beside.

IV.

There lay a Youth of all his VVits bereft,
Who this Campaign was by his Mistress left;
A nauseous Strumpet, insolent and loud,
False and destructive, basely born and proud.
Oh bubbld Fool, thou that hadst seen the Fate
Of Cully-B---shes quietly spent Estate:
Collier undone, and forty Rake-hells more
For an old common o're-grown flabby VVhore,
Whose Bastard Son may vie with thee for Age,
A Trader twenty years upon the Stage:
What from th' expensive Folly couldst thou see,
But shameful Ruine, laught-at Infamy?
Thy Eyes, I know, were open'd long before,
But still the Jilt betray'd thee to the VVhore;
Debas'd thy Noble Spirits to her Rule,
And turn'd thy once fair Fame to Ridicule,
Debauch'd thy Sense with Conversation base,
Whores, Eating Pimps, Players, a numerous Race,
While

While thou the treating Cully art despis'd,
 And Cuckold by the Slaves thou Gormandiz'd.
 Return, thou Prodigal, from Husks and Swine,
 The Ruine of the first, was cause of thine :
 They say thou'rt brave, give us this Proof of it,
 And we'll believe thou can'st be braver yet :
 Thou'ft yet a Nobler Race of Life to run,
 Leave *Herwood* to her now to be undone :
 But her kind Keeper gone, his Flame will fade ;
 Love cools when 'tis an Obligation made.

V.

Here an old batter'd *Tangieren* he beheld,
 More mawl'd by Love than e're he was in Field ;
 Yet wondrous Amorous still, and wondrous gay,
 Old *January* dizen'd up in *May* ;
 His Zeals as Trophies of his Victory Graces,
 But all adorn'd with many Looking-glasses, } *Col.*
 In which he practises *Bon Mein* and Faces ; } *Sachvil.*
 How well to manage *Ogling*, and what Air
 He shou'd maintain, when cock, when frisk his Hair ;
 What Affectation best wou'd Youth exprefs,
 And least the Ruines of his Age confess ;
 Half-choak'd with monstrous Crevat-string, Disputes
 What Colour best to his Complection suits ;
 And all in Middle Gallery to pore,
 And claim which is his Joy, some low-priz'd Whore
 Vain self-admiring Fop, tho every day
 Thou dost thy antiquated Form survey !
 But to be well deceiv'd, cease playing the As
 Six hours each Morning before a Looking-glass,
 And trust the wiser Valet with thy Dress ;
 For whilst thou dost not that ag'd Face behold,
 Thy Dress may flatter thee, thou art not old.

Chett,

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6. *Chett*, that Scundrel, he whom Nature made
An arrant Fool, although a Rogue by Trade,
Which he industriously improv'd so well,
He does in nicest Villany excel,
And from the Trumpet rais'd the Colonel ;
Yet lives a double Scandal in his Race,
His Morals are as odious as his Face :
Tho Knave and Coward in his Front be writ,
He has one Vertue recommends him yet ;
A Passive Valour that can kicking bear,
A Caution that secur'd him in his Fear
Behind the Canon in the *Western War*.
And farther to this Honour has Pretence,
Can cheat his Men with matchless Impudence :
But that's the general Cry, While no bold Tongue
Is found to tell *Augustus* of their wrong.

VII.

7. Next a *Gravefons Allonier*, who sat
Like *Bacchus* on his Tun in drunken state,
With all his mellow Gang encompass'd round,
In high Debauch of Wine and Bawdry drown'd.

VIII.

8. That Monster *G—dy* of prodigious size,
A Body fitted to his beastly Vice ;
A Face to all more formidable far
Than *Gorgon's* Head, or to that Coward *War* ;
In youth mean Cheats and Rooking was his Trade,
Now (starving) got Command— for Drink— not

IX.

(Bread.

9. *V—*our new *Try's* *Hector*, and it's hope,
Preferr'd from Tail of Coach to Head of Troop ;
'Twas no true Valour got him first a Name,
But some Welsh Fury did his Blood inflame,
And sure he never fought when he was tane.

No

No Brutal Coward Tyrant *Algerien*
 E're healed Slaves so ill as his have been ;
 As if to him Authority were new,
 It is but damn the Rascal, and a Blow.
 For they so oft false Musters we observe,
 Rather than follow him the Rogues will starve ;
 And wou'd, if e're indeed there came a War
 Be justly shot like wry-neck'd *Chevalier*,
 By some of his own Soldiers in the Reer.
 But *V——n's* not alone, more of his stamp,
 That better merit *Tyburn*, rule the Camp.

X.

10. Among this Crew *M——ll* that Fornicator,
 Incamp'd with Grandam *Dowry* and her Daughter ;
 The good old Soul he loves because she's handy,
 Can joque and smoak, and hold him tack with Brandy ;
 Full threescore years in wise Experience bred,
 Preferr'd from drawing Ale to *M——ll's* Bed ;
 She's old enough to witch, and by her Art
 Has struck some crooked Pin quite through his Heart.
 Or has some damn'd Infirmary unseen,
 That makes him dote on such a rivell'd Queen.

XI.

Among this Drunken Club was Bean Sir *Tom*,
 Dub'd for his Brother's Merits, not his own ;
 From drudging City Prig advanc'd to be
 Right Worshipful, in Place of High Degree,
 But knew not how to manage Quality.
 And thought the nearest way was to be lewd,
 While all Degrees the Debochee pursu'd ;
 But like true Cit did always over-do,
 As well in Lewdness as in Fashions too ;
 Drinking's his leading Vice, his Darling Sin,
 That pumps his duller Inclination in ;

Then

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Then loud as Storms, encourag'd for all evil,
Swears and invokes by Healths his Guardian Devil.

By chance the Poet *Elcanab* was there
To make 'em sport, for 'twas not yet the Fair ;
VVith many more too scandalous to name,
VVhose Talents are to swear, whore, drink and game;
At a large Table they were seated round,
VVith Bottles, Snush, foul Pipes and Glasses crown'd,
Boxes and Dice——but whether false or true,
I leave it to the Fools that Night shall rue ;
For there was Country Squire and City Cully,
That came to see the Show, look'd to by Bully,
VVhere bubbl'd of their Coyn, they healed are
A la Campagne——that is, with Chear entire :
Damne, cries *Grab*, each *Prig* his *Buttork* bring,
And let us forthwith fall to managing ;
When I am boozing, clear old Dudgeon's Drolish,
Then let my Natural be a Jump, a Polish,
I sink her down——Then makes some nasty Jest,
And Crowns it with a Bumper to the Best ;
(And calls for Link-boy, swears his Pego's nice,
And therefore cannot deal in common Vice.)
Then to the Height of Lewdness they retire,
And *Venus* must extinguish *Bacchus* fire.

Thus 'tis when Men forsake an honest Trade,
How much a better Pedant thou hadst made ;
Or (bilking sharp) hadst bully'd up and down,
And scar'd the Trembling Mortals of the Town ?
This was thy Talent, this thy proper Sphere ;
Yet still this Part of thee remains while here,
That thou canst cheat, oppress, and domineer.
Tho thus much by thy Foës must be confess'd,
Of all thy roaring Tribe thou art the best.

The rest such Cowards, Sots, such hard'ned Rogues,
 Blasphemers, Villains, Rake-hells, Swines and Dogs,
 Have newer Sins than were to Sodom known,
 And if just Heav'n shou'd send his Vengeance down,
 There's not one Lot to save a sinking Town.

But numberless and endless 'twere to tell
 All the rank Vice that fills this Local Hell.
 All which the Phantom does in haste survey,
 He scents the Morning Air; and must away,
 And on the Eastern Hill he views the breaking day.
 Yet e're he goes with a Remorse extreme
 Looks back and sighs o're this Jerusalem;
 Nor cou'd depart till like the Prophet too,
 In whispering Our pronounc'd thrice —wo, wo, wo;
 And then methought I heard a Hollow Sound,
 Like Echoes that from Caves and Rocks rebound;
 And thus it spake——Full five and twenty years
 I Reign'd, without the Noise or Toil of Wars,
 Bore all th' Indignities of Faction's Power,
 And saw my Life in danger every hour;
 Yet rather had resign'd it up in Peace,
 Than ow'd my Safety to such Brutes as these;
 At best a Scare-crow Rebels to affright,
 Put them to Action, and scarce one will fight.

Ah, great Augustus! thou deserv'st an Host
 Of Heroes, such as ancient Rome produc'd;
 When each Commander should like Scipio be;
 Or rather like the yet more Godlike thee,
 Brave, Temperate, Prudent to the last degree.
 The common Rout all Scea's in the Field,
 Who bore a thousand Arrows in his Shield.
 At least they shou'd have Souls to be inspir'd,
 And by thy great Example to be fir'd;

P

Thy

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*Thy Constancy and Valour imitate,
And raise at once thy Glory and the State.
This said, and parting with a pittyng Look,
Tow'rd his Eternal Hope his way he took,
And blest his Fate he con'd again return
To the blest Confines of his peaceful Urn.*

*The Fourth Satyr of Boileau to W. K.
1687.*

Believe me, *Will*, that those who have least Sense,
Think they to VVisdom have the sole Pretence;
And that those VVretches who in *Bethlem* are,
Deserve it less than those who put them there.

The haughty Pedant, swoln with Frothy Name
Of Learned Man, big with his Classick Fame;
A thousand Books read o're and o're again,
Does word for word most perfectly retain,
Heap'd in the Lumber-Office of his Brain;
Yet this cram'd Skull, this undigested Mass,
Does very often prove an arrant Ass;
Believes all Knowledge is to Books confin'd,
That reading only can inform the Mind;
That Sense must Err, and Reason ramble wide,
If Sacred *Aristotle* ben't their Guide.

While, on the other hand, a Flutt'ring thing,
VVith a full Roll, and three pil'd Crevat string,
Whose Life's a *Visit*, who alone takes care
To say fine things, write Songs, and count the Fair;

Laughs

Laughs at the musty Precepts of the School,
Calls the Learn'd Writer an Authentick Fool;
Swears that all Learning is a thing unfit
A well-bread Person, or a Man of *Wit*;
Names proper only to the Sparks o' th' Town,
And dams his Scholar to his Colledge Gown.

The fierce Bigot, who vainly does believe
His bantring Zeal can Heaven it self deceive;
With Saint-like Looks the bleer-ey'd Crowd does
And the jilt Villain damns all Human kind. (blind,

While the wild Libertine, that Beast of Prey,
Who bears down all that stops him in his way,
Ranges o're all, and takes his savage fill
In the wild Forest of a boundless will;
Swears that Heaven, *Jove's*, and Hells Eternal Pain,
Are the sick Dreams of a Distemper'd Brain,
Tales fit for Children, a meer holy Jest,
to starve the People, and to glut the Priest.

The sharpest Satyrift with Poetick Rage
Strives to reform the Vices of the Age;
Laughs at the *Fool*, and at the *Villain* rails;
Yet *Folly* reigns, and *Villany* prevails;
VWhile the crack'd Skull shows all that has been said,
Leaves Marks on nothing but the Poet's Head:
For partial Man, try'd by himself alone,
Protesting every Sentence but his own;
Severe to all Men, to himself too kind,
Sees others Faults, but to his own is blind.

The fordid Miser, a meer lump of Clay,
Form'd into Man e're from its gross Allay,
It was refin'd by the Souls Heavenly Ray,

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VVhose Thirst of Wealth encreases with his Store,
And to spend less, does covet to have more ;
VVho *Midas*-like, to feed his Avarice,
Starves in the enjoyment of a golden wish ;
Thinks himself wise, boasts of being provident,
And down-right Scraping calls good Management.

The Love of VVealth is madness, and I hate
The very trouble of a great Estate :
'Tis perfect Dirt, cries the vain Prodigal ,
Mad till 'tis gone, and when he has spent all, }
The beggar'd Fool calls himself Liberal.

Now weigh them both, and tell me, if you can,
VVhich of the two seems the most prudent Man :
The Gamester swears both shou'd in *Bethlem* be,
That Fortune-monger, maddest of the three,
VVhose Life, whose Soul, whose very Heav'n is Play,
At which the Bubble throws them all away ;
Who every moment waits his Destiny
From the uncertain running of a Die ;
And, if he chance to lose, then how he stares !
Then how the Fury, with his bristled Hairs
Curses his Fate ! Earth, Hell, and Heaven defies ,
And with Oaths heap'd on Oaths, he storms the Skies.

I could name thousands more, but to draw all
The Shapes of this false Reasoning Animal,
Wou'd be as hard, as to count all that die :
Each Spring and Fall by *Low'r* and *Mercury* :
Or say how of th' impatient Heir, to have
The Old Man's wealth, has wisht him in his Grave :
A Drudgery so great my Pen declines,
Content to sum up all in these four Lines.

Greece boasts seven Sages, but the Story lies,
For the whole World ne'r saw one truly VVise:
All Men are Mad; and the sole Difference
Lies in the More, or the Less, want of Sense.

A Candle for a Sick Jesuit.

FROM Rome's Infallibility take a Grain,
Two Drams of Inquisition fetch from Spain;
Of Dr—— Honesty one Mite engage,
Dr—— the Glory of the British Stage!
O're Flaming Coals in let 'em blow it,
Till the all-conquering dissolve the Poet.
Add, that the Fire and Brimstone be not dull;
Two Grains of VVit drain'd from an Irish Scull,
VVith Conscience galling for those senseless Gulls,
To see th' untimely Fate of twenty Bulls.
From Statute-Shelves pull down the Acts, and drain
The Twenty Fifth of old Queen Bess's Reign;
Set those on Coals of Purgatory-Fire,
The space the Devil napping catch'd the Frier;
'Twill cure all Maladies, tho conceal'd in Closet,
And 'tis the true Catholic-Cordial Posser.

A Congratulatory Poem on his Highness
the Prince of *Orange*, his coming in-
to *England*. Written by Mr. *Thomas*
Shadwell.

O UR *Glorious Realm*, o're all the Earth Renown'd,
Once with the *Noblest Government* was Crown'd;
By which all Foreign *Tyrannies* were aw'd,
Easie we were at home and Terrible abroad.

All our wise *Laws* of *Empire* were design'd
Nor for the *Lust* of one, but good of all *Mankind*;
The great *Prerogative* was understood
A vast *unbounded* pow'r of doing good:
From doing ill, by *Laws* it was confin'd;
If *Sanctions*, *Pacts*, or *Oaths*, could *Princes* bind,
By *Ancient usages* and *Laws* they sway'd,
Which both were by the choice of *Subjects* made.
Old *Customs* grew to *Laws* by long consent,
And to each *Written Law* of *Parliament*:
Freedom in *Boroughs*, and in Land Freehold;
Gave all, who had them, *Voices*, uncontroll'd:
But few new *Rights* were by new *Laws* obtain'd,
Only some ravish'd *liberties* regain'd.
Who had no *Voices*, yet alike were bound
By the *Protection*, which from *Law's* they found,
For every one in those had equal right,
And no great *Man* could injure, or affright;
Where *Subjects* in the *Laws* can claim no share.
'Twixt them and *Cattel* no distinctions are.

This was the *Constitution* of our State,
 And true *Religion* flourish'd in its height :
 From lying *Legends*, false *Traditions*, free,
 From *Monkish* Ignorance, *Schoolmens* Frippery,
 From *Idols*, and from *Papal Tyranny*.
 Their *building* made of *Stubble* and of *Hay*,
 VVas by our *Wise Reformers* swept away ;
 Thus we enjoy'd a happy Union,
 Under the great *Eliza*, perfect grown,
 Hers and the Peoples Int'rests, were thought one.
 She, and the Realm, with mutual kindness strove,
 Great its Obedience, and as great her Love ;
 Long might such happiness have been enjoy'd,
 Had it not been b' Ambitious Priests destroy'd.
 Those haughty Priests could not contented be
 VVith what remain'd from Popish Dignity,
 But would their Hierarchy have greater made,
 VVith cast off Rights the Laity th' invade,
 And call in *Jus Divinum* to their aid.
 VVith that invisible Commission arm'd
 Our Kings, with Sov'raign, and Inherent charm'd,
 VVith Sacred Person, power without a Bound,
 Prerogative unlimited, no ground
 VVhereof is in our Constitution found.
 Thus they, by Ecclesiastick Flattery,
 Turn'd Kings to Tyrants, and to Slaves, the free ;
 These Furious Fools yet VVise Divines contemn'd,
 And their rash Doctrines, privately condemn'd ;
 None dare in publick say they were unsound,
 But Fines, and Pillories, and Brands, were found.
 For now Commission'd from above the Sky,
 Kings soon were deem'd for Laws, and Oaths too high,
 Hotly 'twas taught, they were not bound by Oaths,
 Because no Pow'r above them to impose.

'Twas now no Kingly Office nor a Trust,
 No Laws to Rule by but their Sov'rain Lust;
 And all the Land for their Estate they own'd,
 The Subjects were their Stock upon the Ground.
 At length, to rivet on the Chains we wore,
 Lend Knaves in Quoifs yield the Dispensing Pow'r,
 VVhich never Tyrant here had claim'd before.
 The Scandals of the Bar must now be found
 To give the Government this mortal wound;
 VVhich at one blow took all its strength away,
 And down in pieces dash'd, the Noble Structure lay.
 Ruine and Rubbish cover'd all the Ground,
 And no Remains were of the building found.
 Monsters of Roman and Hybernian Race,
 VVith Phangs and Claws infect the wasted place:
 VVith one of *Brittish* kind, who swallow'd more
 Than any other Bloody Beast of Pow'r;
 Fiercely he goggled, his Jaws open'd wide,
 Louder he roar'd than all the Beasts beside.
 Some like *Jaccals*, before him Prey'd for Blood,
 And to his Rav'nous Maw brought all they cou'd:
 Against the Rapine of these Beasts of Prey,
 First *Londons* Noble Prelate stood at Bay;
 One fit t' attone for all the Clergies Blots,
 For three vile English Bishops, and twelve Scots.
 Then Valiant *Fairfax* and brave *Hough* made head,
 But by these Monsters were discomfited;
 And now the trembling Church began to reel,
 And the effects of Non-resistance feel
 VVhere *Jus Divinum* was not on their side;
 They strove to stop the fierce impetuous Tyde.
 Seven Suffering Heroes gave it such a shock,
 It seem'd to dash its Surges on a Rock;

But

But Show'rs of Locusts came with thickest Fogs,
 From Tybers Marshes and from Shanons Bogs ;
 Vast clouds of Vermin hasten to their aid,
 And intercepting light thick darkness made ;
 All clouded was our Sullen Hemisphere,
 But Lo ! the Glorious *Orange* does appear !
 And by his Universal Influence,
 Does to our Drooping Land new Life dispence ;
 His heat ferments that Lump, was dead before,
 VVhich now in every part exerts its Pow'r ;
 To purge its self, that it may clean become,
 The Fermentation soon throws off the Scum.
 And ev'ry part does tow'ards Perfection move,
 Tow'rd Strength, and Soundness, Harmony & Love :
 When Earth oppress'd, with darkness over-spread,
 From filthy Boggy exhalations bred,
 The Sun with noiseless Marches of his light,
 Discusses Vapours, and dispels the Night ;
 With Equal Silence in his Glorious Race,
 Our noysome Fogs does the Brave *Orange* Chase :
 Does all the powers of Darkness put to flight,
 And the Infernal Ministers of Night ;
 The Guilty Spirits shun th' approach of light.
 When undistinguish'd in the Mighty Mass,
 And in Stagnation Universal matter was ;
 Huddled in heaps the diff'ring Attomes lay
 Quiet, and had no Laws of Motion to obey ;
 Th' Eternal Mover threw the ferment in,
 The Solid Attoms did their Course begin ;
 The Quickning Mass moves now in every part,
 And does its Plastick Faculties exert.
 The jarring Attomes move into a peace,
 And all Confusion, and Disorders cease :
 The Ugly undigested Lump became,

The

218 *Miscellany P O E M S.*

The perfect Glorious, and well order'd Frame.
 Let there be Light, th' Almighty *fiat* Run,
 No sooner 'twas pronounc'd, but it was done :
 Inspir'd by Heav'n, thus the great *Orange* said,
 Let there be Liberty, and was obey'd.
 Vast VVonders Heav'ns great Minister h'as wrought,
 From our dark *Chaos*, beauteous Order brought :
 H'invaded us with Force to make us free,
 And in anothers Realm, could meet no Enemy.
 Hail Great Assertor, of the Greatest Cause ;
 Mans Liberty, and the Almighty's Laws :
 Heav'n Greater VVonders has for thee design'd.
 Thou Glorious Deliv'rer of Mankind !

*A Congratulatory Poem to the most Illustrious
 Queen Mary, upon her Arrival in Eng-
 land. By Thomas Shadwell.*

M A D A M,

IMmur'd with Rocks of Ice no VVretches left
 Hopeless of Life, of Heat and Light bereft,
 Under the Influence of the rugged *Bear*,
 Where but one Day and Night is all the Year,
 With ne'er so much transporting Joy could meet
 The dawning Day, as Your Approach we greet :
 Your *Beams* reviv'd us from the *Belgian* Shore :
 VVhich now our long-lov'd *Princess* does restore. }
 VVhat could make us so rich ? Or them so poor ?
 The *World* nought equal to our Joy can find,
 But the despairing Grief You left behind.

We from the *Mighty States* have now gain'd more
 Than by our *Aid* they ever got before.
 When the Great *Vere's* and *Sidney's* won such Fame,
 That each of them *immortalliz'd* his Name.
 Not *Alva's* Rage would have *distress'd* them so
 As, MADAM, we have done, recalling You.
 Our ador'd *Princess* to *Batavians* lent,
 Is home to us with mighty Interest sent :
 For we, with her, have won the *Great Nassau*,
 Whose Sword shall keep the *Papal World* in awe.
 She comes, She comes, the *Fair*, the *Good*, the *Wise*,
 With loudest *Acclamations* rend the Skies,
 Rock all the *Steeple*s, kindle ever *Street*,
 Thunder ye *Cannons* from each *Fort* and *Fleet*.
 To all the neighb'ring *Lands* found out your Joys,
 And let *France* shake at the *Triumphant Noise*.
 Bless'd be the rising *Waves*, the murmuring *Gales*
 Sustain'd the *Mighty Cargo*, swell'd the *Sayls*.
 Bless'd be the *Vessel*, as that was which bore
 The *Sacred Remnant*, when there was no *Shore*.
 Not the returning *Dove* they welcom'd so
 As we our *MARY*, who brings *Olive* too ;
 That only promis'd *Safety* to their *Lives*,
 This our lost *Peace* and *Liberty* revives.
 Bless'd, bless'd be his *Invasion*, which made way
 For this most happy and *Illustrious Day*.
 So brave an *Action*, so *Renown'd* a Name,
 Was ne'er yet written in the *Book of Fame*.
 Let *Parasites* call *Princes* *Wise*, and *Brave*,
 Who bear *inglorious Arms* but to *enslave*. (bind :
 Our *Prince* will break those *Chains* wherewith they
 'Tis his true *Glory* to enlarge *Mankind*.
 In any *Land* You would *Dominion* gain ;
 And M A D A M, in each *Common-Wealth* would *Reign*.
 Where

VVhere'er your *God-like* PRINCE from us should go
 They would like us, submit without a Blow.
 In his short *Sway* more *Wisdom* He has shown,
 Than here before in *Ages* has been known.
 The *Name* of KING adds nothing to his *Fame*;
 But his great *Virtues* dignifie that *Name*.
 VVhat *Land* can boast of such a *matchless Pair*,
 Like him so *wise*, so *brave*; like You so *wise*, so *fair*?
 VVhere e're so many *sacred Virtues* joyn,
 They to a *Scepter* shew a *Right Divine*.
 Who are approv'd so *Valiant*, *Wise* and *Iust*,
 Have the best *Titles* to the *highest Trust*,
 Though from the *Loins* of *greatest Kings* deriv'd,
 That *Title's* not so *strong*, nor so *long liv'd*;
 For *Princes* more of *solid Glory* gain,
 Who are *thought fit*, than who are *born to Reign*.

Ode on the Anniversary of the King's Birth.
 By Thomas Shadwell.

WElcome, thrice welcome, this *Auspicious Morn*,
 On which the Great *Nassau* was Born,
 Sprung from a mighty Race, which was design'd
 For the *Deliv'ers* of Mankind.
Illustrious Heroes, whose prevailing *Fates*
 Rais'd the *Distress'd*, to *High* and *Mighty States*;
 And did by that possess more true *Renown*,
 Than their *Adolphus* gain'd by the *Imperial Crown*.

They

They cool'd the Rage, humbled the Pride of *Spain*,
But since the Insolence of *France* no less,
Had brought the States into Distress,
But that a precious Scien did remain
From that Great Root, which did the shock sustain,
And made them High and Mighty once again.

This Prince for us, was Born to make us free
From the most abject Slavery.
Thou hast restor'd our Laws their Force again;
VVe still shall Conquer on the Land by thee;
By thee shall Triumph on the Main.

But thee a Fate much more sublime attends,
Europe for Freedom on thy Sword depends;
And thy Victorious Arms shall tumble down
The Savage Monster from the *Gallick* Throne:
To this Important Day, we all shall owe,
Oh Glorious Birth, from which such blest effects shall
flow.

On this glad Day let every Voice,
And Instrument, Proclaim our Joys,
And let all *Europe* joyn in the Triumphant Noise.
Io Triumphe let us Sing,
Io Triumphe let us Sing,
And let the Sound through all the spacious Welkin Ring.

From thy fresh Lawrels shall the Olive spring,
Thy Victories shall bring us Peace,
And under Thee, our most Indulgent King,
Shall Industry and Arts increase;
Quiet we shall possess, but not Inglorious Ease.
Then shall each fertile Mead, and grateful Field,
Amplly reward our Care and Toil;

The

The Herds and Flocks a vast increase shall yield,
Which raging War shall never spoil,
Free from Invading Force, and from Intestine Broil.

And though our plenteous Ile shall need no more,
Than what its Soil for Natives does provide,
Yet added to its mighty Store,
Whatever any Foreign Coast,
Of Plenty, or of Wealth can boast,
Shall on our Happy Shores flow in beside,
From the superfluous Bounty of each Tide.

Now Av'rice or Ambition in the Great,
Shall under thee thy Godlike Power pervert,
Rewards nor Threats corrupt thy Judgment Seat;
Nor Trusts be gain'd but by desert,
While thy Great Self thy Wisdom shalt exert.
Then shall the vile ungrateful murm'ring Band,
Whom our great *Moses* has let free
From *Egypt's* Bondage, and Idolatry,
Glad to submit to his Command;
For shame their guilty Heads hang down,
Owning the best of Kings that ever fill'd the Throne.

Thus the Prophetick Muses say,
And all the VVise and Good will say,
That they long, long, may celebrate this Day.
Soon Haughty *France* shall bow, and Coz'ning *Rome*,
And *Britain* Mistress of the World become;
And from thy wise, thy Godlike Sway,
Kings learn to Reign, and Subjects to Obey,

*On this Blest Day let every Voice,
And, &c.*

*An Ode on the Queens Birth-Day, Sang
before their Majesties at Whitehal.
By Tho. Shadwell.*

NOW does the glorious Day appear,
The mightiest Day of all the Year;
Not any one such Joy could bring,
Not that which ushers in the Spring.

That of ensuing Plenty hopes does give,
This did the hope of Liberty retrieve;
This does our Fertile Isle with Glory Crown,
And all the Fruits it yields we now can call our own;
On this blest day was our Restorer born,
Far above all let this the Kalender Adorn.

II.

It was a work of full as great a weight,
And require the self-same Power,
Which did frail Humane kind Create,
When they were lost them to restore;
For a like Act, Fate gave our Princes Birth,
Which adding to the Saints, made Joy in Heaven,
As well as Triumphs upon Earth,
To which so great, so good a Queen was given.

III.

By beauteous softness mixt with Majesty,
An Empire over every Heart she gains,
And from her awful Power none could be free,
She with such Sweetness and such Justice Reigns:
Her Hero too, whose Conduct and whose Arms
The trembling Papal World their Force most yield,
Most

Must bend himself to her victorious Charms,
 And give up all the Trophies of each Field.
 Our dear Religion, with our Laws defence,
 To God her Zeal, to Man Benevolence;
 Must her above all former Monarch raise
 To be the everlasting Theme of Praise;
 No more shall we the great *Eliza* boast,
 For her Great Name in Greater *Mary's* will be lost.

Now now, with one united Voice
Let us aloud proclaim our Joys;
To Triumpe let us sing,
And make Heaven's mighty Concave Ring.

FINIS

T H E

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*The Oservator. Or the History of Hodge,
as reported by some; from his siding
with Noll, and scribbling for Rome.*

STand forth thou grand Impostor of our time,
The Nations scandal, Punishment and Crime;
Unjust Usurper of ill gotten Praise,
Unmatch'd by all but thy leud *Brother Bays*;
How well have you your sev'ral Gallants chose,
Damnably to plague the World in Verse and Prose.
Like two *Twin Comets*: when you do appear
We justly may suspect some danger near.
He lately did under correction pass,
Honour'd by that great hand that gave the Lash,
A doom too glorious for that curst head,
And unproportion'd to the Life he lead,
But you are to a viler fate design'd,
To suffer by a vulgar hand like mine,
We'll tear your Vizard and unmask your shame,
And at each corner Gibbet up your name.
Expose you to the Scorn of all you meet,
As Dogs drag grinning Cats about the Street.
Under Usurping *Noll* you first began
To rear your Head and shew your self a Man;
Unpittingly saw the Royal Party fall,
And Danc'd and Fiddled to the Funeral;
Disclaim'd their Interest and renounc'd their side,
And with the Independant straight comply'd;

Officious in their Service wrote for Hire ;
 A brisk Crowdero in the Faction's Quire :
 Your nimble Pen on all their Errands run ;
 The Horoscope still opens to the Sun :
 There 'twas in those unhappy days,
 You laid foundation for design'd Praise ;
 By disrespect ignobly purchas'd shame,
 And damn'd your Soul to scandalize your Name :
 When *Charles* at length by Providence came in,
 You fac'd about and quickly chang'd the Scene ;
 Turn'd to new Notes your mercenary strings,
 Began to play Divinity of Kings :
 Your former Master straightway is forgot,
 Stil'd Villain, Rogue, Thief Murderer, what not ?
 Such recompence he doth deserve to have,
 Who for his Interest durst employ a Knave.
 Now 'twas a time you thought to take your ease,
 After such great Exploits perform'd as these :
 Applauding to your self your own deserts,
 You strait set up for a vain Ass of Parts ;
 Resolving that the Ladies too should know,
 What other Tricks and Gambals you could do.
 Was there a skipping Whore about the Town ?
 Or private Baudy-house to you unknown ?
 Here for a Stallion, there for a Pimp you went ;
 To do both Drudgeries alike content.
 But ill success you had with Madam C—k,
 Whom in the Act her Husband took :
 Strong *Bastinado* o're your shoulders laid,
 Made you a while surcease that lecherous trade,
 Till growing old in customary sin,
 You with a Chaster Lady did begin,
 Whom when you found she all Assaults refus'd,
 And would not yield her self to be abus'd ;

Down

Down on your Knees you presently was laid,
 And thus (O righteous Heaven) devoutly pray'd :
 Since you disdain the kind request to grant,
 Dear Madam let me lay my hand upon't.
 This is the Man whose whole Discourse and tone, }
 Is Honour, Justice, Truth, Religion ; }
 Was such a Godly Rascal ever known ? }
 But now reform'd by indigence of Gold. }
 Your former wanton course grew slack and cold, }
 For 'twas at first indeed too hot to hold. }
 Now new expedients must employ your Brain,
 And other Methods for advance of Gain;
 Something contriv'd in private, touch'd the State,
 Which made you timely think of a retreat ;
 Beyond Sea then the wretched Caitiff flies,
 A guilty Conscience has Quick-sighted Eyes.
 When you return'd, you fell to work amain,
 And took up your old Scribbling trade again ;
 Some sorry scandal on Fanaticks thrown,
 And viler Canting upon Forty one ;
 You thought sufficient to oblige the Crown ;
 Then who but you, the World was all your own.
 Now for the Church of *England* you declare,
 A witty zealous Protestant appear ;
 Your secret spies and emissaries use
 To pay for false Intelligence and News :
 When nam'd in two Journals you dispend
 Equally void of Reason, Truth, and Sense,
 Guinea's now from every quarter came
 To pay respect to your encreasing Fame,
 While you at *Sam's* like a grave Doctor sate,
 Teaching the Minor Clergy how to prate,
 Who lickt your Spittle up and then came down,
 And shed the nasty Drivel o're the Town.

Ay these were blessed times and happy days,
When all the World conspired to your praise :
He who refus'd and would no Token send,
Must be traduc'd as the Dissenters Friend :
And that your Greatness no regard might lack,
You got a Knighthood chopt upon your Back.
But something now has stopt that rapid stream,
And you have nothing more to say for them :
Your piercing Eye discovers from a far,
The glittering Glory of some further Star,
Which bids you pay your adoration there.
Inconstant Rover, whether do'st thou tend ?
When will thy tedious Villanies have end ?
Whither at last do'st thou intend to go ?
Of which party wilt thou e'er prove true ?
To Turk, or Pope, to Protestant or Jew ?
Should I here all thy Villanies recount,
'To what a mighty sum do they amount ?
Thy solemn Protestations, Oaths and Lies,
Devices, Shams, Evasions, Perjuries,
My Paper to a Volumn would exceed,
Of greater bulk than *Hollingshead* and *Speed*.
For thou art now so scandalously known,
And so remarkable in Vice alone,
That every one can find a stone to throw
At such a snarling pimping Cur as thou.
But wretch ! if still thou art not past all Grace,
And wholesome counsel can with thee find place ;
If thou at last sincerely wouldst atone,
And expiate thy former mischiefs done,
Like dying *Judas* render back thy pelf,
Recant thy Books and then go hang thy self.

The Farewell.

I.

Farewell P——, farewell Cross;
 Farewell C——, farewell Afs.
 Farewell P——, farewell Tool,
 Farewell S——, farewell Fool.

II.

Farewell M——, farewell Scot;
 Farewell B——, farewell Sot.
 Farewell R——, farewell Trimmer;
 Farewell D——, farewell Rhymr.

III.

Farewell B——, farewell Villain;
 Farewell W——, worse than *Tresilian*.
 Farewell Chancellor, farewell Mace;
 Farewell Prince, farewell Race.

IV.

Farewell Q——, farewell Passion;
 Farewell K——, farewell Nation,
 Farewell Priests, and farewell Pope;
 Farewell all that deserve a R——.

The SCAMPERERS.

To the Tune of, *Packinton's Pound.*

WHEN the Joy of all Hearts, & desire of all Eyes,
In whom our chief Refuge and Confidence lies,
The Protestant Bulwark against all Despair,
Has depriv'd us at once, of her self and her Heir :

That hopeful young *Thing*,

Begot by a King,

And a Q. whose Perfections o'er all the world ring.
A Father whose Courage no Mortal can daunt,
And a Mother whose Virtue no Scandal can taint.

II.

When *Jeffries* resigns up the Purse and the Mace,
Whose impudent Arrogance gain'd him the place,
When, like *Lucifer*, thrown from the height of his pride,
And the Knot of his Villanies strangely unty'd.

From the Chancery Bawling,

He turns a Tarpaulin ;

Men still catch at any thing when they are falling :
But a plague of ill fortune, before he could scoure,
He was taken at *Wapping*, and sent the *Tower*.

III.

When Confessor *Petre's* does yield up the Game,
And proves to the worst of Religion a shame ;
When his cheating no more o're our Reason prevails,
But is blasted like that of his true Prince of *Wales* :

Which

Miscellany POEMS.

7

Which was his Contrivance,
And our Wife King's Connivance,
To establish the *Papists*, and *Protestants* drive hence :
But their Cobweb Conception is brought to the Test,
And the coming of *Orange* has quite spoil'd the Jest:

I V.

When *Pet* —— noted for all that is ill,
Was urg'd by his Wife to the making his Will ;
At the hearing which words he did stare, foam & roar,
Then broke out in Cursing and calling her Whore.

And for two hours at least

His Tongue never ceas'd,
He rail'd on Religion, and damn'd the poor Priest,
And his Friends, who had hope to behold him expire,
Are afraid by this Bout they shall lose their desire.

V.

Young *S* —— fam'd in this great Expedition,
Not for going to War, but obtaining Commission ;
It's no Mystery to me if his Courage did fail,
When the greatest of Monarchs himself did turn Tail:

So that if he took Flight,

With his Betters by night,

I am apt to believe the pert Spark was i'th' right ;
For the *Papists* this Maxim do every where hold,
To be forward in Boasting, in Courage less Bold.

V I.

Nor should *B* ——, *P* ——, and *A* —— throng,
But each in due place have his Attributes sung.

Yet since 'tis believ'd by the strange turn of Times,
They'll be call'd to account for their Treasonable

While the *Damn'd Popish Plot*,

(Crimes,

Is not yet quite forgot,

For which the Lord *St* —— went justly to Pot ;

And

And to their great comfort I'll make it appear,
They that gave them their Freedom, themselves are
(not clear.

VIL.

Wi. W —, that Friend to the Bishops and Laws,
As the Devil would have it, espous'd the wrong Cause;
Now loath'd by the Commons; and scorn'd by the
His Patent for Honour, in pieces he tears, (Peers,
Both our *Britains* are fool'd,
Who the Laws over-rul'd,
And next Parliament each will be plaguily school'd:
Then try if your Cunning can find out a Flaw
To preserve you from Judgment according to Law.

VIII.

Sir *Edward Hale's* Actions I shall not repeat,
Till by Axe, or by Halter, his Life he compleat,
Pen's History shall be related by *Lobb*,
Who has ventur'd his Neck for a Snack in the Jobb,
All their *Priests* and *Confessors*,
With their Dumb *Idol-Dressers*,
Shall meet that Reward which is due to Transgres-
sors,
And no *Papist* henceforth shall these Kingdoms inhe-
rit,
But **O R A N G E** shall reap the Fruit of his Merit.

The

The Miracle; How the Dutchess of Modena (being in Heaven) prayed the B. Virgin that the Queen might have a Son, and how our Lady sent the Angel Gabriel with her Smock; upon which the Queen was with Child.

To the Tune of, O Youth, thou hast better been starv'd
at Nurse. In Bartholomew-Fair.

(rejoyce,
YOU Catholick States men and Church-men
And Praise Heavens Goodness with Heart and
(with Voice ;
None greater on Earth or in Heaven than she,
Some say she's as good as the best of the three.

Her Miracles bold,
Were Famous of Old,
But a braver than this is was never yet told ;
'Tis pity that every good Catholick living, (ving.
Had not heard on't before the last day of Thanksgi-
II.

In Lombardy-Land, great Modena's Dutchess (ches,
Was snatch'd from her Empire by Death's cruel Clut-
When to Heaven she came (for thither she went)
Each Angel received her with Joy and Content.

On her knees she fell down,
Before the bright Throne,
And begg'd that Gods Mother would grant her one
Boon ; Give

Give *England* a Son (at this Critical Point)
To put little *Orange's* Nose out of Joynt.

I I I.

As soon as our Lady had heard her Petition,
To *Gabriel*, the Angel, she straight gave Commission;
She pluck'd off her Smock from her shoulders divine,
And charg'd him to hasten to *England's* fair Queen.

Go to the Royal Dame,
To give her the same,
And bid her for ever to praise my Great Name;
For I, in her favour, will work such a Wonder,
Shall keep the most Insolent Hereticks under.

I V.

Tell *James* (my best Son) his part of the matter
Must be with this, Only to cover my Daughter;
Let him put it upon her with's own Royal Hand;
Then let him go Travel to visit the Land;

And the Spirit of Love,
Shall come from above,
Tho not as before, in form of a Dove;
Yet down he shall come in some likeness or other,
(Perhaps like Count *Dada*) and make her a Mother.

V.

The Message with hearts full of Faith were receiv'd,
And the next news we heard was *Q. M.* conceiv'd;
You great ones Converted, poor cheated Dissenters,
Grave Judges, Lords, Bishops, & Commons, Consen-
You Commissioners all, (ters
Ecclesiastical,

From *M* — the Dutiful, to *C* — the Tall;
Pray Heaven to strengthen Her Majesties Placket,
For if this Trick fail, beware of your Jacket.

D I A L O G U E.

M. **W**HY am I daily thus perplex'd ?
Why beyond Womans patience vex'd ?

Your Spurious Issue grow and thrive ;
VWhile mine are dead e'er well alive.
If they survive a nine days wonder,
Suspicious Tongues aloud do thunder ;
And streight accuse my Chastity,
For your damn'd Insufficiency :
You meet my Love with no desire,
My Altar damps your feeble fire :
Though I have infinite more Charms
Than all you e'er took to your Arms.

The Priest at th' Altar bows to me ;
VWhen I appear he bends the Knee.
His Eyes are on my Beauties fixt,
His Pray'rs to Heav'n and Me are mixt ;
Confusedly he tells his Beads,
Is out both when he Prays and Reads.

I travell'd farther for your Love,
Than *Sheba's* Queen, I'll fairly prove.
She from the *South*, 'tis said, did come,
And I as far from *East* did come.
But here the difference does arise,
Though equally we sought the Prize ;
VWhat that great Queen desir'd she gain'd,
But I soon found your Treasury drain'd,
Your Veins corrupted in your Youth,
'Tis sad Experience tells this Truth:

Though

Though I had caution long before
Of that which I too late deplore.

7. Pray, Madam, let me silence break,
As I have you, now hear me speak.
These Stories sure must please you well,
You're apt so often them to tell.

But, if you'll smoothe your brow a while,
And turn that Pout into a Smile,
I doubt not, but to make't appear,
That you the great'st Aggressor are.

I took you with an empty Purse,
Which was to me no trivial Curse,
No Dowry could your Parents give;
They'd but a Competence to live.
When you appear'd, your Charming Eyes
(As you relate) did me surprize
With VVonder, not with Admiration,
Astonishment, but no Temptation:
Nor did I see in all your Frame,
Ought could create an amorous flame,
Or raise the least Desire in me,
Save only for Variety.

I paid such Service as was due,
VVorthy my self, and worthy you:
Carefs'd you far above the rate
Both of your Birth, and your Estate.
VVhen soon I found your haughty mind
VVas unto Sov'raignty inclin'd;
And first you practis'd over me
The heavy Yoke of Tyranny,
VVhile I your Property was made,
And you, not I, was still obey'd:
Nor durst I call my Soul my own,
You manag'd me as if I'd none.

I took

I took such measures as you gave,
All day your Fool, all night your slave.

Nor was Ambition bounded here,
You still resolv'd your course to steer:
All that oppose you, you remove;
'Twas much you'd own the Powers above.
Now several Stratagems you try,
And I'm in all forc'd to comply:
To Mother Church you take Recourse,
She tells you 't must be done by force;
And you, impatient of delay,
Contrive and execute the way.

When mounted to the place you sought,
It no Contentment with it brought:
One Tree within your Prospect stood
Fairest and tallest of the Wood:
Which to your prospect gave offence,
And it must be remov'd from thence.
In this you also are obey'd,
While all the Fault on me is laid.

Now you was quiet for a while;
As flattering Weather seems to smile,
Till buzzing Beetles of the Night
Had found fresh matter for your spite,
And set to work your busie Brain,
Which took Fire quickly from their Train:
Some VVise, some Valiant, you remove,
'Cause they your Maxims don't approve;
And in their stead such Creatures place
VVhich to th' Employments bring disgrace:
While whatsoe'r you do I own,
And still the dirt on me is thrown.

Straight new Chimear's fill your Brain,
The humming Beetles buz again;

A Goal-Delivery now must be,
 All tender Consciences set free ;
 Not out of Zeal, but pure Design
 To make Dissenters with us joyn,
 To pull down Test and Penal Laws,
 The Bulwark of the Hereticks Cause.
 The sly Dissenters laugh the while,
 They see where lurks the Serpents guile ;
 And rather than with us comply,
 Will on our Enemies rely.
 The Chieftains of the Protestant Cause,
 We did confine, though 'gainst the Laws :
 But soon was glad to set 'em free,
 Fearing the giddy Mobile.

Now all is turning upside down,
 Loud Murmuring's in every Town ;
 We've Foes abroad, and Foes at home,
 Armies and Fleets against us come :
 The Protestants do laugh the while,
 And the Dissenters sneer and smile ;
 But no assistance either sends ;
 They're neither Enemies nor Friends.

Now pray conclude what must be done,
 Consult your Oracle of *ROME*,
 For next fair Wind be sure they come. }

The Prophecie.

When the K. leaves of S--ly, & holds to the Queen
 And B--wick has fought as many Battles as
 Then Cl--ford shall look like a Lass of fifteen, (he's seen,
 And Popery out of this Nation shall run.
 W hen

When *M* — shall leave off his Lust and his Pride,
And *C*—*wall* his Pimp, which none but his breed,
Then *M*—— Letchery shall be deny'd.

And Popery, &c.

When *B* — *ly* the Cynick leaves being Satyrick,
And of his Wifes Verſue writes a large Panegyrick,
Then his Manners shall fight for his good Natures

And Popery, &c. (Merit,

When *R* — gives up his 12 s. i'th' Pound,
And the Army does *B* — Generosity found,
Then *D* — refusing of Bribes shall be found;

And Popery, &c.

When *G* — his Conscience shall fly in's face,
And rather than Vote 'gainst the the Test leav's place,
And *S* — likewise shall have no more Grace;

And Popery, &c.

When *C* — and *D* — for Religion dye Martyrs,
And *C* — refuses to be Knight of the Garter.
Then the Country no longer shall the Dragoons

And Popery, &c. (Quarter;

When the *K.* from the Word he hath given does
(ſwerve,
And the Judges the Oath they have taken obſerve,
Or for breaking have but what they deſerve;

And Popery, &c.

When Archbishop of *York* we ſee Dr. *Ken*,
And *Compton* made Biſhop of *London* agen,
And *Herbert* Rule, as before, on the Main;

And Popery, &c.

When *N*—*folk* grows Rich, and *P*—*is* grows poor,
When *N* — is humble *S*—*cer* demure,
When the Town can love one, & the other endure;

And Popery, &c.

When *T*—l's turn'd out, and an *Ormond* put in,
 When the Groom of the Stool thinks declaring a Sin,
 Then *Oxford* shall have his Regiment agen ;

And Popery, &c.

When the *P*— of *Denmark* leaves *W*— direction,
 And is suff'ed to bring what she breeds to perfection,
 And a Parliament's call'd by a legal Election ;

And Popery, &c.

When *Fe--bams* Conduct a Souldier shall prove him,
 And the Chancellour begs that the King would
 (remove him,

Oh, then we shall see how the People will love him ;

And Popery, &c.

When *Petres* and *P*— Council shall fail,
 And if what the *Q.* goes with shou'd prove a Female,
 Lord ! How wou'd the Romish Religion prevail,

That out of this Nation it might not turn.

*An Excellent new Ballad, call'd, the
 Prince of Darkness ; shewing how three
 Nations may, be set on Fire by a
 Warming-Pan.*

AS I went by *St. James's* I heard a Bird sing,
 Of certain, the *Q.* has a Boy in the Spring,
 But one of the Chair-men did laugh and did say,
 It was born over Night, & brought forth the next day ;
 This Bantling was heard at *St. James's* to squaul,
 Which made the *Q.* make so much haste from *White-H.*
 Peace, Peace, little Master, and hold up thy head,
 Here's Money bid for thee, the true Mother said ;

But

But no body knows from what Parish it came,
 And that is the reason it has not a Name.
 Good Catholicks all were afraid it was dying,
 There was such abundance of sighing and crying ;
 VVhich is a good Token by which we may swear,
 It is the Q—s own, and the Kingdoms right Heir.
 Now if we should happen to have a true Lad,
 From the Loins of so wholsom a Mother and Dad,
 'Twere hard to determine which Blood were the best,
 That of *Southask*, or the Bastard of *Est* ;
 But now we have cause for Thansgiving indeed,
 There was no other way for mending the Breed.

A New S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Lilli-burlero*.

OUR History reckons some Kings of great fame,
Ninny Mack Nero, Femmy Transub,
 But none before this who deserved the Name
 Of *Femmy Mack Nero, Femmy Transub* ;
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Ninny Mack Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Ninny Mack Nero, &c.

II.

He pick'd up a parcel of Fools and Knaves,
Ninny Mack, &c.
 And make them all Judges to make us all Slaves,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

III.

III.

Then for the Church he solemnly swore,
Ninny Mack, &c.

He took as much care as his Brother before,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

IV.

To D — the dapper, and C — the tall,
Ninny Mack, &c.
 He added *Tom. W —* and *Timothy H —*,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

V.

Yet for all this the Heretick Clowns,
Ninny Mack &c.
 Have set out a Fleet to ride in the Downs,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VI.

And General Scomberg fierce as a Bear,
Ninny Mack, &c.
 Is coming a Board, let him come if he dare,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VII:

For now our brave K — has fitted his Arms,
Ninny Mack, &c.
 And all our Dear Joys are Landing in Swarms,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VIII.

VVhat though the *Dutch* are so Impudent grown,

Ninny Mack, &c.

To swear the K— s Son is none of his own.

Ninny Mack, &c.

Nero, Nero, &c.

Nero, Nero, &c.

IX.

VVhat need they make such a deal ado,

Ninny Mack, &c.

Is not our K— a Ch—g too,

Ninny Mack, &c.

Nero, Nero, &c.

Nero, Nero, &c.

X.

As long as he bought him with his *French* Pence,

Ninny Mack, &c.

For matter of getting the Pope will Dispencc,

Ninny Mack, &c.

Nero, Nero, &c.

Nero, Nero, &c.

A New S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Lulla by Baby.*

IN *Rome* there is a most fearful Rout,
And what do you think it is about,
Because the Birth of the Babe's come out :

Sing lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The jesuits swear the Midwife told tales,
And ruin'd His Highness the Prince of *Wales*;
She's a Jade for her pains, Cutsplutter-anails :

Sing lulla, &c.

The

The Popish Crew did all protest,
That twenty great men would swear at least,
They see his *Welsh* Highness creep out of his Nest ;
Sing lulla, &c.

The Goggle-ey'd Monster in the *Tower*,
He peep'd at his Birth for above an hour,
And 'twas a true Prince of *Wales* he swore :
Sing lulla, &c.

Another great Lord, both Grave and VVise,
Stood peeping between Her Majesties Thighs ;
He look'd through a Glas for to save his Eyes :
Sing lulla, &c.

Both were so well satisfy'd, (cry'd ;
They knew the sweet Babe from a thousand they
'Twas Born with the Print of a Tile on his Side :
Sing lulla, &c.

Some say 'tis a Prince of *Wales* by Right,
And those that deny it tis out of Spight ;
But God send the Mother came honestly by't :
Sing lulla, &c.

Some Priest, they say, crept nigh her Honour,
And spinkled some good Holy VVater upon her :
VVhich made her conceive of what has undone her.
Sing lulla, &c.

The Papists thought themselves greatly blest,
Before the young Babe was brought to the Test ;
But now they call *Peters* a Fool of a Priest :
Sing lulla, &c.

The Priests in order to fly to the Pope,
Are got on Board on the Foreign Hope,
For all that stay here will be sure of a Rope :
Sing lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

F I N I S.

